THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

Established August 4, 1821.
Whole Number Issued 1828

A DAILY SCENE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A dim light in the window,
Deep straw around the gate,
And silence, lingering as in pain
Some closing breath to wait.

Is it a mother that departs?
A sire, whose counsels cheer?
A child, mid tears and breaking hearts,
That speeds to death's mute shore?

Doth friend lose friend? Some comrade old
That early boyhood knew—
Whom, like a lamb from Nature's fold,
Life drank the morning dew.

We know not. This alone we know:
There is no home but tells
Some sorrow in this world below
Of graves and funeral bells.

Some flower beloved that bloomed in vain,
Some joy that could not last;
Some hope that darken'd into pain;
Some grief that shrouds the past.

Another sun hath bathed the lawn
In light, and golden air;
The dead hath found another dawn,
A dawn which angels share.

Around the house a sadness steals,
A weight that pains the brow;
There is no fear of rolling wheels
No need of caution now.

No need of blind-drawn windows,
Nor deep straw, borne aside,
To tell us in that darken'd home
Some heart hath loved—and died.

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUC DE GUISE.

The news given by Annese, and the letter from Marie d'Arcos came so apropos, that the reader will perhaps suspect they were false. They were unfortunately too true.

We left the Duc de Guise waiting Chatillon's summons at the south of the island of Ischia, with his eight feluccas bearing his lady-love's colors, his twenty-two companions, his six thousand pounds of powder, his four thousand pistoles, and his impossible dream, if the impossible could have existed for Henri de Guise.

We have shown his worthy cousin escaped from San Lorenzo by means of a silken ladder, flying to meet him and to save him, when Marie d'Arcos thought she was sending him to the Spaniards.

No one certainly ever rushed to a more certain ruin. All conspired to throw the Duc and the Marquis together into the hands of their enemies. Nevertheless both escaped just where they were most likely to fail. The improbability of their enterprise made its success. Ruin drew back before their temerity. *Audaces fortuna*, etc. Basilio's agents saved Chatillon without meaning it, through the very means which they made use of to destroy him. Their felucca, with the Spanish arms and colors, was respected instead of being attacked by the Spanish scouts, and passed safe, and even saluted in the midst of the forty-eight vessels! Profiting by this good fortune to return to Naples, the two cousins united hoisted the Castillian flag, and arrived at midnight to the windward of Don Juan's fleet.

"Who goes there?" cried the gunners who were watching them, matches lighted.

"The Viceroy's scouts," replied Guise boldly, hiding his claws and showing his wings, like the bat in the fable. And to complete the illusion, Fabrani, his secretary, prompted by the Marquis, went and told the Spaniards of an imaginary mission from the Duc of Arcos; it was only when too late that Don Juan of Austria began to think he might have been deceived. He immediately started his armed boats in pursuit of the flotilla, but a violent tempest arose. Guise's feluccas were dispersed. He himself only escaped shipwreck through the star of Cesar and of Peter the Great. After wandering about for two hours in the most profound darkness, he succeeded in rejoining his cousin and his companions. Then they had to endure the broadsides from the Spanish boats. One had the plume of his hat, the other his sword knot carried away by a bullet. Finally gaining in speed upon their enemies, and laughing at so many escapes, they landed at sunrise upon the beach at Naples, with their friends crying a miracle, and with ten thousand men whom they had dragged after them. Chatillon, bare-headed, his sword raised and saluting with his hand; Guise, standing upon the gilded prow of the royal felucca, with the green and dove-colored flag floating above him, radiant with majesty, grace and confidence, both looking like Argonauts or demi-gods, appearing upon the mythological sea, upon this enchanted shore, before this half-naked population, running to meet them with cries of triumph and admiration.

Masaniello's absence abandoned Naples to her new liberator. He was regarded and welcomed as one sent from God. It was, in fact, like falling from the skies to arrive thus at this moment. They kissed his clothes, threw incense upon his horse, applauded his charming speech. The discontented ones reminded the people of his ancestors, and taxed him with intending to become a tyrant.

"I," he cried, pointing to his boat, "I was born in that shell, I know nothing beyond it!"

The women especially were completely carried away with his handsome person and his gallantry.

In short, in a few hours, as Annese said, Guise took possession of two-thirds of the city; he was almost as much king there as the King of Spain, the more because he affected it less; and Chatillon, mindful of his persons aim, surprised, with a handfull of bravos, one bation of Castel-Nuovo, carried off Marie d'Arcos, an took her to San Lorenzo, she, now that he had thrown aside his mask, recognising in him her father's enmy, and despising him as much as she had before lessed him, and wishing at all hazards to escape jom him, found means, as we have related, to call Masaniello to her aid.

Such was the fantastic story realized by Henri de Guise. Is not history right in calling him the hero of the fable?

The moral will soon be made known.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE REVERSES OF POPULARITY.

When Masaniello returned to Naples with his wife, Annese, and the Company of Death, all that the great city had witnessed during the past seven days was effaced by the most singular and unheard of contrast.

On one side at San Lorenzo, the half of the city, and above all the organised bodies, proclaiming Henri de Guise *Duke of the Neapolitan Republic and defender of the State*;* and, in the midst of this enthusiastic crowd, the young prince, in a dazzling costume, sitting his horse splendidly, surrounded by an improvised court, saluting every one, adored by all, an idol the dearer for being new.

On the other side, at the great market-place, all the plebian class returned to the fisherman, reanimated by Luzzaro and his bandits, proclaimed, with more fury than ever, Masaniello supreme chief and liberator; and over this sea of dark faces, of bloody rags, of pickets, guns and poignards, in front of the three hundred heads of the victims, still remaining at the ends of the poles, was the fisherman, pale and haggard, his sword in one hand and his pistol in the other, contemplating with an eye of frenzy, his greatness crumbling away with his work, his rival triumphing before his face, Castel-Nuovo pointing its cannon at him, San Lorenzo with Marie d'Arcos *stretching out her arms to him*, three parties ready to tear each other to pieces, and the Spanish fleet preparing to crush them all.

One drop more, only one was needed to make the fisherman's frenzy break forth again.

This drop was the last news which burst like a bomb upon the city.

"When we have carried off the cake, Mazarin will deign to eat it with us," Guise had written to Chatillon. Such was, in fact, the Cardinal-Minister's order to Cardinal Richelieu and to Duc Louis de Vendome, commanding the fleet and army of Louis XIV. at Ponza. The latter, informed therefore by an express of Guise's prodigious success, steered for Naples with all sail, and had just arrived at the Cape of Pausilippe with their fifty vessels and fire-ships, and four thousand men.

At this intelligence, and at sight of the French flag displayed by a boat just in front of the market, Masaniello became giddy, struck his forehead, threw his arms above his head, and, electrified by the cries of vengeance uttered by his bands, he forgot the generous object which had brought him to Naples, and returned once more to all the furies of his insanity.

He began by upsetting the platform upon which he was enthroned the day before; he resumed his red cap and his Lazzaroni rags, and installed himself at the window of his house, from whence he harangued, ordered and judged, holding an arquebus ready to fire, whilst petitions were presented to him on the end of a pike, and the Company of Death blindly executed his caprices, and his wife, alas! after a last and vain appeal to his reason, went to the Carmel to seek a refuge for her despair.

One thought alone was distinct in the fisherman's words and acts. This was to regain his ascendancy by means of a general panic; the fixed idea of all revolutionists, more or less crazy. In the first place, he added one hundred heads, cut off indiscriminately, to the horrible decorations of the square. He decreed universal silence, and that clothes should not be worn below the knees; he massacred every woman whose dress covered her ankles. He reduced the price of bread three-quarters, and burnt alive, in their own ovens, all the bakers who remonstrated. Suddenly altering his mind about his house, he ordered it to be transformed into a palace, and sent for architects and masons and had the neighboring houses pulled down; he set himself up as a great lord, and ordered a more brilliant costume than that of the Duc de Guise. He gave a new banner to the people, and this banner was a red flag, curious historical fact concerning all sanguinary revolutionists of all ages. When he traversed the city, he had the streets swept, the houses decorated, the bells rung. He who had aroused Naples against the taxes, imposed upon each Neapolitan an enormous tax which he had to pay at sight—of the gibbet or the axe. His own brother in law was obliged to flee to Castel-Nuovo. He gave a grand banquet in the groves of Pausilippe, invited the Duc of Arcos, who took good care not to accept, repaired to it himself in the royal felucca, escorted by musicians, threw gold into the sea by the handfull, made his friends dive for it, and beat those who refused; he gorged himself with exquisite viands and Capreau wines, then started to return to the city, found his felucca too slow, threw himself into the water and swam in order to arrive quicker, and, sending for his secretary in haste, he decreed an order for his own submission to the Viceroy. An hour afterwards, being seized with vomiting, very natural after all he had done, he tore the order, and accused the Duc of having poisoned him.

In short Masaniello ruined himself from hour to hour by the very excesses of his frantic power, and the Duc of Arcos, as well as the Duc of Guise, had only to let him alone in order to get rid of him—the wise conclusion which both adopted.

Seeing what kind of master they had given themselves to defend their bread and their taxes, the meanest plebeians at last opened their eyes, and left Masaniello for the French or Spaniards. The hero's fascination vanished like smoke, and the only persons who remained true to the crazy man were the professional robbers to whom peace only promised the prison or gibbet. Soon the cries of "Death to the tyrant!" succeeded to the acclamations for the idol. When he again went through the streets to sabre and shoot all whom he met, he was received with a shower of stones. One of them wounded him in the forehead, and the last ray of his glory was extinguished with the first drop of his blood.

Masaniello, feeling himself going, convoked his last friends at the Carmel. He ascended the pulpit, and, with the crucifix in his hand, he threw off the last sparks of his delirious eloquence. He showed his emaciated breast:

"Beloved people! you forget my services and my troubles, and you repay me with the blackest ingratitude. Learn once more that my ruin will be the signal of yours! I pardon and bless you! May your punishment be less frightful than mine! A hot fire devours me; I have drunk two tons of water without slaking my thirst. Know that you will not be protected except by making a sea port of the market, and by constructing a bridge from Naples to Spain in order to have direct communication with his Catholic majesty. Adieu, faithless and beloved people, for to-morrow you will assassinate me!"

These words drew forth a last gleam of enthusiasm; but the fisherman himself extinguished it in the floods of blood he again began to shed.

The next day the sun rose, lighting up the most formidable preparations:—The Viceroy's citadels surrounded by soldiers and cannon; the Duc de Guise's little army ready to enter the field; the Marquis de Chatillon summoning the Archbishop, and inviting his friends to his marriage with Marie d'Arcos; the Spanish and the French fleets ranged in battle order upon each side of the gulf, and the market place occupied by the Companions of Death, abandoned by all as if they had been a contagion, swearing to bury themselves in blood and flames upon the corpse of Masaniello's secretary, killed by a stray ball.

Add to this picture Marie d'Arcos weeping and wailing at San Lorenzo, Marie Aniello weeping and wailing at the Carmel, the *taglia-topi* and Genovino pursuing their subterranean mining, and you will have a feeble idea of Naples' immense agony!

The fisherman being no longer anything more than a banner for Luzzaro and Annese, they had secured him, and put him where they could watch him. At daylight he broke his bonds, went and threw himself at the feet of the Archbishop officiating at the Carmel; he sprang into the pulpit, spoke an hour without ceasing, made a public confession, made up of dashes of genius and revolting pantomime. Then, taken off by the Prelate's order, exhausted with fatigue, bathed in perspiration, he was carried to a monk's cell, where he fell asleep in the Puzzolienne's charge.

Mass ended, the church was invaded by a band of people, crying—

"Death to Masaniello, the fool, the tyrant! peace for the city of Naples!"

And these resolute avengers, searching the sanctuary and the convent, ordered the monks to give up the fisherman.

Masaniello, awake and calmed, standing near his wife, who was kneeling before him, was contemplating from the window of his cell that sea whose murmuring had put him to sleep in his cradle—that sea which had nourished his infancy and his robust youth; that sea, the theatre of his innocent amusements and of his honest labor; that sea, the always open road to the sweet retreat at Amalfi. Once more he forgot his crimes, his power, and his sorrows. His heart beat naturally; his eyes looked without wandering, and wept without bitterness; his reason recalled by Marie's tears and caresses, was about to be reanimated, perhaps, and this time forever, when he trembled at the sound of the clanking of arms, and of his name cried by a thousand voices. The poor crazy one thought the people were seeking him for new triumphs, and, escaping from the embrace of his wife, he sprang out, with open arms, crying joyously—

"You call me, faithful people! Here I am! here I am! *Ecco mi! ecco mi!*"

As the only reply, he received three balls from an arquebus, which stretched him at the Puzzolienne's feet.

"*Ungrateful people! traitors! beloved people! Maria Aniello! Morte d'Arcos! Amalfi!*" These were his last words and his last sighs.

Whilst his murderers gave the cross of Carmel to his wife, and reconducted, or rather carried her back to the convent, a butcher (butchers are always found, axe in hand, in all revolutions) cut off the dead man's head, which seemed to retain a remnant of life. Carlo Cataneo, seizing it by the hair, carried it off through a silent and listless crowd. And not a cry, not a sword was raised in favor of the man who a few days before was the king and the idol of the city and kingdom!

Not only was their hero denied, but the people ran, some to the Duc de Guise, others to the Duc d'Arcos; but, with the exception of Annese and of his friends, whose ambition led him to meditate revenge, the fisherman's last adherents, in order to be well received by his assassins, threw themselves upon his mutilated body, and dragged it with the most frightful howling through the gutters of the streets; and when it had lost all human form, they threw it into the ditch of Porta-Nolano. Others went, with his head on the end of a pike, to arouse the imprecations and outrages of the faubourgs, and to receive drink-money from Chatillon, Henri de Guise, and the Viceroy; then the last remains of their god were thrown, like carrion, upon the dirt-heap of the public granary. After which, they set fire to his house, and danced before it; carried Saint January about the streets; lit bonfires along the coast, and carried the new *Duke of the Neapolitan Republic* in triumph!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PUZZOLIENNE.

Annese, we said, meditated revenge. The very next day he found an opportunity for it.

After remaining all night, motionless and almost dead, in the cell which had served her as a place of refuge, the Puzzolienne revived and wondered that she was still alive. However, as nothing now could be added to her grief, she felt herself stronger in absolute misfortune than in the agony of the evening before, and braving destiny, like Orestes, she stood erect before her fate accomplished.

She saw from the window a great commotion on the square of the Carmel. All the French were there, and gave the impulse to the Neapolitans. They had the houses hung, a platform raised, and the pavement strewed with flowers! The crowd seemed divided in these festive preparations. Some cried, as they worked, "Long live Guise and Chatillon!" Others were silent and gloomy; some seemed to be mocking in a low tone of voice; others more bold, whistled and menaced aloud.

"What are those men preparing for?" asked the Puzzolienne of the sister who attended to her wants.

"A sad marriage," was the reply, "don't you hear the bells? *they ring by command*; the convent chapel is being arranged *by command*! A priest is going to unite two persons, *by command*."

"And by whose command?"

"That of the new ruler! of the Duc de Guise!"

A sinister presentiment made the poor woman shudder; she felt, by the beating of her heart, that she could still suffer.

"And who are these persons to be married *by command*?" she asked, trembling.

"The Marquis de Chatillon, who rules here with his cousin, and the Viceroy's daughter, a prisoner at San Lorenzo."

"Marie d'Arcos!" cried Aniello's widow, recollecting all, and raising her hands to heaven.

"But it is impossible!" she added, with horror; "Marie d'Arcos detests Chatillon as much as she once loved him! Why, it was at Marie d'Arcos' call, and to deliver her from this unworthy lover, that my poor husband returned to die at Naples."

"That is what is said, in fact."

"Has Marie d'Arcos consented to this union, since yesterday? Will her father allow it to take place?"

"The Viceroy, hemmed in by the soldiers of Guise, can do nothing without the troops of Don Juan; and by the time these troops land, it will be too late to do anything for the captive. In two hours, she will be forced to the altar. She will be told that her father will be killed if she does not marry Chatillon, and she will sacrifice herself for her father's safety!"

"Oh, holy Madonna! will you permit this last crime?" exclaimed the Puzzolienne, falling upon her knees. "And will Naples suffer such a cowardly act! and those infamous people are preparing for such a festival! They strew flowers for the executioner and for the victim! Ah! now I can recognise Masaniello's assassins! But it cannot be! It shall not be!" she continued, excitedly; "one man of heart can certainly be found to carry off the angel from the demon!"

"I doubt it," sighed the sister; "the honest men murmur, the officers hiss a little, the boldest threaten; but none dare to brave Chatillon."

And, in fact, the bells continued to ring, the joyous preparations went on; and the Marquis traversed the square amid the noisest acclamations.

"Oh! Masaniello," murmured his widow, kissing the cross of the Carmel; "oh! if they had not broken thy noble heart and ruined thy strong head! thou wouldst have dispersed these miserable wretches by a flash of thy sword! My God! my God! why am I only a poor woman?"

The Puzzolienne no longer knew herself; she who had so cursed fighting for the past ten days, felt herself pushed towards it by an unknown power. Having nothing but her life to risk, she would have given it joyfully for Marie d'Arcos.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man appeared. It was Gennaro Annese.

Marie, who saw him defending the fisherman at the last moment, greeted him and pressed his hands warmly.

"Well, Annese! all is over! all lost!"

"All may begin again! all is saved, perhaps," said Annese, "if you will unite with me."

"To deliver Marie d'Arcos?"

"Marie d'Arcos and Naples together! Listen to me!" And with the eloquence of ambition rising from a fall, with the skill of an actor who understands playing all parts: "This is what is going on," continued the armorer; "after their intoxication of last evening, the people this morning became menacing. Seeing the French and Spanish fleets, the Duc de Guise and the Duc d'Arcos observing each other without coming to words, they suspected these pretended enemies to be united against the franchises. You may judge if I turned these suspicions to good account. The Viceroy and Henri de Guise, seconded me by a piece of carelessness, in re-establishing upon complaint from the bakers, the old tariff in place of that made by the fisherman. This measure caused an explosion in the faubourgs. People aroused themselves, met together, deliberated. Chatillon and his cousin were accused of jesting with Naples, and of having no other object than to marry Marie d'Arcos, and please the Countess Toralda. Guise has wounded all the nobility by the display of his gallantries towards this lady. The Viceroy's partizans are indignant that his daughter should be dragged to the altar by a foreign rebel. In short, the people begin to regret the only chief who loved them for themselves."

"Wretches!" cried the Puzzolienne, "they regret him after having dragged him in the gutters!"

"Now is the time to revenge him, Signora!" said Annese, forcibly.

"And what good would revenge do me? I only want to save Marie d'Arcos!"

"Well! come and save her with me! Masaniello's widow has only to make her appearance, to have a hundred thousand men at her disposal!"

"Are you sure?" asked the Puzzolienne, rising superb and terrible.

"I answer for it on my head!"

"No matter—if I do not save her, I can die for her. Come! come! I will follow you wherever you wish, provided the people will follow me to Marie's prison!

And a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Puzzolienne, on horseback, traversed the city of Naples, reawakening the insurrection, which only waited for this banner.

For a banner, however, Annese imagined one even more powerful than the fisherman's widow.

After having raised the cry of—"*Glory to Masaniello!*" he added that of—"*If Masaniello was not dead!*" and then—"*If Masaniello could return!*" and then finally—"*Masaniello has come back to life.*"

"In an instant," says Rivas, "the city resumed the frightful aspect of the first day. The name of the *glorious* Masaniello was upon the lips of all those who the day before had dragged the bloody body of their ruler through the streets and thrown it upon the dung-hill. The massacre of the traitors who killed him was decided upon. They ran to hunt up his remains in order to carry them in triumph! They reached the public granary, the dirt-heap was ransacked, and the disfigured head and body of Masaniello found. They were soon sewed together, and washed in the water of the Sebeto. Then the people knelt, wept and prayed before these relics, as before those of a martyr; and perfuming them with respect, covering them with purple, gold and flowers, placing upon the breast the famous Carmel cross, they carried them about the streets, beneath a canopy, and followed by a procession which extended almost entirely round the city. This immense tumult, and the cries of Masaniello! there is Masaniello! stupified the Spaniards and the French, the two fleets and the garrison. The Viceroy himself and the Duc of Guise, who had seen the dictator's decapitated head, could not help a certain feeling of terror. As to the populace, the wild hopes with which it became intoxicated may be imagined. Every one wanted to see and touch the demi-god, dead or alive. Of those who looked at him close, some said:—"He is dead; but he commands us from on high!" others: "He is asleep, or he is in a stupor; but he will recover and destroy the enemies of Naples!" In the meanwhile, the innumerable cortege reached the Carmel church; it buried in its waves the preparations for Chatillon's marriage; it crushed the flowers which strewed the ground by the Marquis's orders. The same hands which had prepared the decorations, tore them and threw them away before Masaniello."

The dead King was placed in the grand nave, beneath a magnificent catafalco, surrounded by all the banners of the faubourgs, by all the standards of the different societies, and by a popular guard of ten thousand men, sprung up as if by enchantment! Terror made the religious communities, the magistrates and other functionaries join with the people; all appeared in their costumes of ceremony, with long candles in their hands. The service for the dead was celebrated pontifically, amid the noise of the discharge of artillery and the ringing of all the bells in Naples. All the men sang, and the women sobbed. All knelt and touched the body, crying:

"*Beato Masaniello! ora pro nobis!*"

Finally the body was carried to the Cathedral vaults, buried with the cross of the Carmel, as the fisherman had desired, saluted with an *adieu* by those who knew he was gone forever,—with a *soon again*, by those who expected his resurrection.

It was then that the Puzzolienne, who presided over these gloomy proceedings with emotions which may be imagined, assembled all the principal men of the people upon the square of the Carmel—and showing them the fort of San Lorenzo, where Marie d'Arcos was a prisoner, reminding them of what the noble young girl had done for Masaniello, what Masaniello had asked them to do for her, the reparation they owed him for his injuries and sufferings, the cry of agony which she had addressed the day before to the fisherman; the horrible marriage which she was about to be forced into; she ordered the Neapolitans, with an inspired voice, in the name of honor and gratitude, in the name of their wives, their sisters and their daughters, in the name of God, the Madonna and the Saints, in memory of Aniello's supreme will, in the name of the love and respect they professed for his widow, for the sake of her peace on earth, of her life which she felt ready to resign, of her happiness in the next world, where she would pray for them; to go with her to Marie d'Arcos' prison, and to deliver her from the detested man about to drag her to the altar.

"If you will do that," concluded the heroic woman, "Masaniello, from the heaven on high, and by my lips, will pardon you his death, and will guarantee you the salvation of Naples!"

"Glory to Masaniello! glory to the Puzzolienne! to San Lorenzo! and down with Chatillon! Let us save Marie d'Arcos!" replied Annese and his lieutenants, then all the chiefs of the revolt, then the hundred thousand voices of the crowd.

And an ocean of men rushing behind Annese, shook the very walls of San Lorenzo, dispersed the sentinels, broke open the doors, and gained Marie d'Arcos' chamber.

But, oh surprise and fury! it was too late! the chamber was empty, the prison deserted! and the frightened jailor related to Annese that Chatillon, dragging his captive through the subterranean passages, opened for him by an unknown hand, reached in this way the Carmelite convent, where the marriage was to take place immediately.

"To the Carmelite convent!" cried the Puzzolienne, nothing discouraged, and determined that death alone should stop her in her purpose.

And she regained the road to the church with Annese and the popular torrent.

In the meanwhile, thanks to the *taglia-topi*—who was giving the last blow to the Duc of Arcos by delivering up his daughter to the enemy of Spain, Chatillon reached the church. In the chapel of the Carmel, Marie d'Arcos found an altar arranged, two nuptial chairs, ornamented with *fleur de lis*, a dozen Frenchmen as witnesses, and a priest, brought by the Marquis.

They reminded the young girl that her hand was the price of her father's life. They blessed the links of her eternal chain; and when her heart cried *no*, with all its force, they were about to force from her that love the irrevocable *yes*, when a great noise of steps, of voices and of arms shook the convent and suspended the sacrifice.

It was the Puzzolienne, with Annese, Luzzaro and their band!

One minute more, and it would have been too late.

"Marie d'Arcos!" cried a voice which the young girl recognized—"Marie Aniello, the fisherman's widow, has come to deliver you!"

And the sublime woman, at the extremity of her strength, fell upon her knees at the door of the chapel, whilst Annese and Luzzaro, with their adherents, sword in hand, surrounded the French, the Cardinal and the marriage pair.

In vain the prelate invoked his purple and the holiness of the place. In vain Chatillon protested, harangued, menaced and supplicated. In one moment the former was carried off from the sanctuary, the second disarmed and made prisoner, and Marie d'Arcos, free and safe, was confided to the Puzzolienne, who, reanimated by her tears of joy, sprang up, and with superhuman strength carried her off in her arms.

The evening of that day, two women carried away from Naples by a swift bark and a faithful pilot, took refuge at Amalfi, in Masaniello's little house. One was the Viceroy's daughter, the other her liberator, Marie Aniello. Instead of throwing Marie d'Arcos again into danger by taking her back to her father, the Puzzolienne, after sending word to the Duc d'Arcos, had brought her to this shelter which she owed to her generosity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

The next day Annese attained his end. He was proclaimed Masaniello's successor, and Captain-General of Naples. This was one more party in the civil war which was about to reopen the wounds of the unhappy city.

We will now narrate the facts in a few lines.

Naples would have been lost to Spain, if the Duc de Vendome had, in the first instance, supported with his fleet the Duc de Guise's magical success; but the presence of Don Juan of Austria, the hesitation of Mazarin, and above all, the intrigues of Basilio and Genovino (who represented Guise as caught in a snare) saved Philippe IV.'s viceroyalty and delayed the action of the French army. The opportunity once lost, and the people diverted from Guise by Annese, Vendome overwhelmed with the reproaches and even insults of his ally, abandoned him to himself after the semblance of a combat with Don Juan.

Then the *savant* and the *taglia-topi*, both in safety near the Viceroy whom they deceived, the first informed every evening of the secrets of the day, the second prowling beneath Naples, invisible to Chatillon and to Guise, directed their mines under the French prince and the Neapolitan armorer. Some insinuations sufficed to create a deadly hatred between these two rivals, who, disputing for the city, went to plotting against each other. Annese kept with him the violent dregs of the populace; but Guise rallied the bourgeoisie, a portion of the nobility, and a thousand Frenchmen, escaped from Vendome's fleet.

It was with this little army that, fatigued with a war made up of treason, shaking off the net-work of gallant intrigues with which Spain had surrounded him, Henri de Guise set off against the Castillians whom Don Juan had just landed at the foot of the arsenal, not to help the Viceroy, but to attack the French.

For several weeks the two princes, at the head of their troops, performed prodigies of valor and skill. The valor was especially upon Guise's side, the skill upon Don Juan's. Several towers and citadels were taken and retaken, by force of sword and cannon.

At last the two armies had a decisive battle, in the very heart of the City of Naples.

Annese going over, on that day, to the Duc de Guise, the latter soon saw himself master of the fort of the Carmel, and of all the good positions of the city. He was about to overwhelm Don Juan and the Spaniards, when a horrible surprise, a formidable piece of treachery, paralyzed his arm, arrested his triumph, and crushed the crown upon his head.

He had pointed a hundred cannon against the Spanish troops and galleys, and he had only to load them to destroy both with a torrent of balls. For this purpose, he ordered two hundred thousand pounds of powder to be drawn from the magazines at his command. But oh, incredible disenchantment! his gunners disappeared, drowned, with all the ammunition, in the cellars of the Carmel! He sent others to San Lorenzo, but the same inundation and the same catastrophe occurred there! And likewise at Fort Saint Elme, at Porta-Nolana, at the Vomero, even at Castel-Nuovo! Everywhere, in short!

Our readers guess rightly that this was the work of the *taglia-topi*, who, turning his screws at the right moment, introduced the sea into the vaults.

Thanks to this hero of the denouement, *Deus ex machina*, Guise and the French, Annese and the Neapolitans, had no resource left but to surrender.

With their usual constancy, the people saluted Don Juan of Austria with the same acclamations which they had lavished upon Masaniello, Guise and Annese. The son of Philippe IV. appeared in Naples as a victor, received the keys of all the fortresses, assisted at a *Te Deum* at the Carmel, with a crowd of admirers, received absolute power from the Court at Madrid, paid the five hundred thousand pounds agreed upon to the *taglia topi*, and gave Genovino the presidency of the council at the Sedilian Islands.

"It was almost incredible," says Santis, "to see how the men and women of Naples, young and old, rich and poor, wept for joy. Friends and enemies, the inhabitants of the city and the people of the environs, embraced each other, forgetting the pillage and the violences of the preceding days. Every one had evidently but the one wish, to enjoy at last that peace so vainly compromised and so long desired.

With the exception of some taxes abolished, there was no change made—except in the governor. For, humbled as incapable, and almost accused of treason, the Duc of Arcos considered that he got off well, in depositing the viceroyalty in the hands of his rival, the Count d'Onate, who justified Don Juan's confidence by the skillful firmness of his administration.

A hundred palaces had been burned;—ten thousand victims had fallen beneath the axe, the poignard or the arquebus. Hundreds of thousands of crowns had been wasted;—Annese and Luzzaro were hung;—but the Count d'Onate reigned, Genovino was President, and Basilio lived on his income.

This was the price of the revolt, of the heroism, of the crimes, the folly and the death of Masaniello.

Ending as a brave man, like all the rash heads of his race, Chatillon was killed, arms in hand, in his prison, fighting alone against two hundred Spaniards.

The Duc de Guise also wanted to die a hero, and still kept up the war with a handful of brave men. But, invulnerable in spite of himself, upon his horse riddled with wounds, he offered his valiant sword to two Spanish officers. They, dazzled by so much courage, refused it, and only consented to receive the green and dove-colored knot, Mlle. de Pona's colors.

The Duc was sent prisoner to Madrid. His cousin, the great Conde, purchased his ransom, in order to mix him up with the wars of the Fronde. He fruitlessly reappeared at Naples in 1654, and died ten years afterwards, without posterity.

The Duc d'Arcos sought his daughter at the house at Amalfi, and took her back to Spain, where he died in retirement, whilst Chatillon's betrothed buried herself in a convent.

The Puzzolienne ended her sad days in the retreat which she owed to Marie d'Arcos.

This retreat no longer exists, and it is not known where Masaniello's body, carried off from the Carmel, lies.

The disappearance of his body contributed not a little to the popular traditions which still exist at Naples, concerning his resurrection.

All that is found, near Amalfi, is a kind of pyramid, with four colonnaded openings. The peasants show it to travellers as the tomb of the fisherman-king, but there is nothing to prove its authenticity.

GIVING THE RING.—We find the following amusing account of the courtship of the late Emperor Nicholas in a recent Berlin paper:

"About the year 1816, the Grand Duke Nicholas came to Berlin to see if one of the Prussian Princesses would suit him, and the Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that if he should take a fancy to her they would have no objections to her returning the penchant. The time originally fixed for the expiration of the Grand Duke's stay had come, and he was seated at supper on his last evening next to the Princess Charlotte, when he abruptly told her that he must leave Berlin the next day. He hoped to surprise her into some demonstration of feeling on the occasion, but her maidenly pride withheld her from making more than some very say-nothing remark in acknowledgement.

"The Grand Duke thereupon soon assumed another plan of operations; knowing that, however little the eyes of the company might be actually fixed on him and his fair neighbor, they were, nevertheless, the object of general observation, he commenced telling her, but in an apparently unembarrassed manner, and playing with a ring of his the while, that he had devoted himself, during his short stay there, to making himself acquainted with her character and disposition, &c., and that he had found in her every quality that he believed best calculated to make him happy in wedded life, &c.; but, as they two were at that moment the object of scrutiny to many present, he would not press her for any reply to his overtures, but if it was agreeable to her that he should prolong his stay at her father's court, she would, perhaps, have the goodness to take up the ring he had in his hand. This ring he then, apparently while playing with the two objects, thrust into the roll of bread lying on the table before him, and went on seemingly in all *sang froid*, with his supper. With an equal appearance of unconcern, the Princess presently put out her hand, and took up the roll, as if mistaking it for her own bread, and, unnoticed by the company, withdrew the ring, and put it on her own hand. The rest requires no narration."

GOOD TEMPER.—Only the nation which invented "comfort" was capable of conceiving "good temper;" for "good temper" is to the moral what "comfort" is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul; the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. With "gentleman" in his own character, "comfort" in his house, and "good temper" in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.

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* The coins which perpetuated this event still exist. On one side are olive branches and thorns crossed, a basket of fruit, indicating the origin of the revolution, and the inscription. *Fruits liberius Henricus de Lorena, dux reipublicæ Neapolitanæ.* S. P. Q. N. (*Senatus populusque neapolitanus*). And on the other side: *Sancta Januarî, reges ei protege nos.* Silver, 15 grammes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, five copies will be sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TOLERATION IN MEXICO.

The clause in the new Constitution of Mexico, asserting the great doctrine of RELIGIOUS TOLERATION, was adopted, on the 5th of July, by the decisive vote of 93 ayes to 5 nays. M. de la Rosa, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who ostensibly represented the Government, earnestly opposed it—but the large vote given in its favor would lead one to suppose that the opposition of Comonfort's Administration, was more owing to policy than to any real objection to the principle involved. Perhaps Comonfort considered that he had already a very pretty quarrel with the Clergy on his hands, growing out of the Church Property Law, and that it was not the part of wisdom to deepen the dispute, by arraying himself on the side of Religious Toleration.

With the influence of all the Roman Catholic Clergy, and of the Church abroad, in opposition to Toleration, it is rather strange to see so large a majority in its favor among the representatives of the laity. But probably the vote in the Congress represents more truly the opinions of the educated and intelligent classes of Mexico, than of the masses of the people. It is scarcely possible that, among these latter, a large amount of superstitious ignorance should not exist. Our want of knowledge, however, as to the mode in which the *present Congress* was elected, and the degree of popularity it enjoys among the people at large, renders us unable to pronounce authoritatively upon this point. That the principle of Religious Toleration should have been sanctioned at all, is somewhat a matter of surprise to us—but if the great masses of the people are ready for the adoption of such a principle, then we must confess that heretofore we have greatly underrated their moral and intellectual condition.

As to the Church Property Law, it does not, if we correctly understand it, deprive the Clergy of their property, so much as force them to alter its character. They now own large quantities of real estate,—which, as they are unwilling either to sell or to improve it, has an effect to paralyze the industrial progress of the country. Those renting this real estate are to have the power to purchase it in fee simple, paying the same amount of money yearly as before, but in the shape of interest, instead of rent. In cases where the present occupier does not wish to buy, the fee simple is to be sold, on similar terms, to the highest bidder. The Government reserves to itself a tax of five per cent. upon all these sales, which it is said, such is the immense amount of property owned by the Church, will put many millions into the Treasury, where it is greatly needed.

The greatest obstacle apparently apprehended to the successful working of the law, is the want of moral courage among the people—who it is feared will not be willing to purchase the property, and thus incur the disapprobation of the Church. As however it in reality only deprives the Church of about five per cent. of its income, perhaps the doubters may be as agreeably surprised in this respect as they have been in the vote upon Religious Toleration.

If Comonfort's government is able to stand with the clergy thus arrayed against it, the world may hope for that which until lately was no longer expected, the regeneration of Mexico. Doubtless civil commotions will be fanned—and we hear already of the refusal of Vidaurri, Governor of Nuevo Leon, to recognize the authority of the new President. This revolt will test both Comonfort's ability, and his popularity with the people. For the sake of his distracted and hitherto priest-ridden land, as well as for the general cause of civil and religious liberty, we fervently hope that he may prove the Man for the Hour. What has been already done, fully proves that Mexico is by no means destitute of a large class of large minded, generous and heroic men—may we hope that the numbers and influence of this class will prove sufficient to overweigh the antagonist forces which so long have controlled the destinies of their country.

WALKER'S INAUGURAL.—*President* Walker, of Nicaragua, as we suppose we must now call him, claims to have been elected by a large majority of the popular vote. In his Inaugural Address, he asserts it to be his intention to allow the utmost liberty of speech and action "compatible with order and good government"—of which compatibility he doubtless will himself judge. One of the primary objects of his government, will be "*to encourage the people in the practices of that divine religion which constitutes the basis of all modern civilization.*"

Well, let us see what comes of it—and how successful the Filibuster chief is in his attempt to encourage morality and religion among the Nicaraguans. He must be pretty rapid in his religious movements, for it is stated that the League against him still exists, and that the other Central American States are only waiting for the close of the rainy season to commence their onset. Walker, however, though we doubt his qualifications as a moral and religious teacher, is by no means deficient in the opposite class of qualities, and will probably wage as fierce a war as any buccaneer who ever worried the Spaniard.

A BIPEDULAR CASE.—The Dublin (Ireland) Medical Express details a case, which confirms the opinion that the toad can eject a venomous fluid from its mouth. A boy, aged six years, while throwing stones at a large toad, felt something spirted into his eye. He was attacked, soon after, with spasmodic pain in his eye—then with coma; at times he would try to bite everything near him; at times he was in a state of apathy, and at times in a state of madness. On the tenth day, the only symptoms were stupor and inability to speak, a condition which has lasted for two years since.

A singular story that, to come from an Irish paper. Why, we thought that *St. Patrick*, of blessed memory, had banished all the toads and frogs from the isle he loved so well.

TO AVOID THE HEAT.—One of our Baptist churches—that at the corner of Fifth and Buttonwood streets—has changed its hour of evening worship from 8 o'clock to 5 o'clock, thus avoiding the great heat produced by fifty or sixty gas lights.

RELIEF FUND.—The sum raised in this city for the sufferers by the late collision on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, amounts to over ten thousand dollars.

JURIES AND JURIES.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati Enquirer states, that on Wednesday night last, there assembled in a Hall on Walnut street, 300 men, to organize themselves into a Vigilance Committee. Their The most desperate plans were discussed. entrance movement was unknown to the police, but the that ities of two or three men among them was all kept the bomb from exploding in their midst. By a vote of 169 to 112 they agreed to await a certain contingency. This mystic contingency it supposes to be the decision in the coming trial of Arrison for the murder of Catharine Allison.

This is the effect of the indiscriminate and intemperate denunciation, by newspapers, of the administration of justice by judges and juries.—*Public Ledger.*

Our neighbor does not go back far enough. The frequent "denunciation, by newspapers, of the administration of *justice* by judges and juries," is because that administration so often deserves denunciation. If judges and juries are to be placed above all censure—and not to be held accountable to public opinion, as the legislative and executive officers of the Government are, up to the President himself—one great preventive of judicial corruption will be removed.

If influential newspapers always would condemn a violation of justice, and a failure to do justice, on the part of courts and juries, courts and juries would be a little more careful how they acted. But it is because influential papers, for political and other reasons, often are willing to sanction the conduct of courts in acting tyrannically, or refusing without punishment notorious offenders, that things go on getting rottener and rottener, until at last the people will endure it no longer, and there is a great shaking of the dry bones, as in San Francisco. What is there more infallible in a Judge than in a Senator or a President, that his conduct should be placed above all censure, and no editor be allowed to question either the wisdom or the purity of his decisions? It is a matter of common notoriety, that there is a class of gamblers, bullies and murderers in New York and other large cities, who go almost entirely unwhipt of justice, because their services are valuable in the elections. And when justice is *not* done to these men for their offences, which are to blame—the papers that keep silent, or those that cry aloud and spare not?

Let the rule once be generally adopted by the press, that the decisions of judges and juries are not to be reviewed at all, and the progress of corruption in our courts will be tenfold more rapid than it is. Now, the unjust judge, who wishes to carry favor with the powers that be, in order to be promoted to some higher post, hesitates continually from fear of public opinion as expressed through the editorial pen. Then, he would thank his stars that the press was muzzled, and march on from injustice to injustice with comparative impunity.

But, thank Heaven, the press of this country is not muzzled—and we rejoice that there are editors fearless enough to expose judicial as well as legislative and executive corruption. Little would it matter, were they silent when judicial enormities were committed, whether that silence was the result of certain false ideas of propriety, or of the arbitrary mandate of some newspaper-hating despot. In either case, the press would fail of its duty, and in that degree, do injury to the cause of good government. From silence as to the Judiciary, it would require but successive and consistent steps to become silent as to the conduct of the Legislative and Executive officers of the Government; and in that darkness of silence all those evils which fear the light would breed and accumulate, until the fiery lightnings and tempests of Revolution would be necessary to disperse and destroy the loathsome corruptions which silence and secrecy had engendered.

A SAFE WAY OF BETTING.—There is a good deal of betting constantly going on in times of great political excitement, and therefore it is not to be supposed that the present season is entirely exempt from it. The betters may be divided into two classes, those who bet in order to manifest their confidence in the success of their favorite candidate, and those who bet in order to win. The last mentioned class, of course, care not much who they bet on—so that he prove to be the successful man.

It is the effort of every skillful "gentleman" of this character, however, so to arrange his bets as not to lose much in any event. To show how this can be done, we refer to a story recently told in the Boston *Portfolio*. The offerer of the bet agreed to wager twenty-five dollars that he could name fifteen States that would go for Fremont, and then in addition bet ten dollars apiece that each of the other sixteen States would go for the same candidate.

"Done," cried the Buchanan man, eagerly, thinking that his friend had unwittingly made a blunder in stating the wager; "name the fifteen States and we will put it down on paper."

"Well," replied his opponent, "for the fifteen States I will name Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia.—"

"Stop! stop!" said the other, "aren't you going to name fifteen free States?"

"*No*, indeed! Those will come under the ten dollar part of the bet."

The Buchanan man began to "smell a rat;" he suspected that he had been taken in and done for; and sitting to desk with pen and paper, he discovered that according to the terms of the wager, if fifteen of the Free States went for Fremont, and the remaining sixteen States for Buchanan, he would be the loser of one hundred and fifteen dollars; and that even if all the slave States and six of the free States should go for Buchanan, he would still be fifteen dollars minus. The result was, that he gracefully "backed out" of his position, and sent his Fremont friend an elegant new satin beaver hat.

The moral of the above is, that people should not bet on the elections at all—but, if they do, they should first consider the terms of the wager pretty attentively.

THE SULTAN AND THE ALLIES.—Turkey is now nearly evacuated by the English and French troops—and yet many of the papers said during the war, that the allies, and particularly the French, having got a good hold on Constantinople, would never give it up; and that the Turks had only escaped the claws of Nicholas to fall into those of Louis Napoleon!

☞ "B. P." wishes to be informed of the best manner in which fine marble, fragments of finely veined stones, pebbles, &c., may be polished.

☞ Revenge is longer lived than gratitude. Endorse Mr. Smith's note to keep him from bursting, and he will forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr. Smith's nose, and he will cherish a secret desire to burn your house down for the remainder of his life. Revenge is a passion. Gratitude appears to be only a sentiment. We can all hate. But it is only one man in a hundred who possesses sense enough to be thankful.

☞ "Pray, can you tell me," lisped an exquisite, "why I always pause after the first syllable of 'cupid?'" "It is because I love to stop when I come to c u."

☞ A politician, who has no resources of his own, always connects himself with some great temporary excitement; just as a hungry shark rushes along in the wake of a ship, to pick up the damaged provisions, amputated limbs, and even old shoes, that may be thrown overboard.

☞ It is said that one of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were in ancient times condemned, was to be deprived of the use of *salt*.

☞ "Good-morning!" said a gentleman to a round, twinkling eyed son of Erin, whom he met riding on the road. "Your nag is in good order." "Indade ye may say that, and what 'tis makes her so, 'tis meself doesn't know, for she has nothing in this blessed world t'ate but whate straw, and that *never was half threshed!*"

☞ A short time since, a barber offered a reward of fifty dollars for the best recipe for "instantly removing superfluous hair." Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it:—"Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 3.

Before leaving Niagara, a general council was held as to our next direction, maps examined, and the routes laid down by rival companies duly canvassed. We could not help thinking what wonderful things our people were doing in this matter of transit from place to place. The mere programme of routes by steamboats and railway is itself a poem—a rhythmic flow of amazing and beautiful possibilities rendered into facts; beautiful, when the beneficent genius of steam does not, in the twinkling of an eye, turn into a ruthless demon, scattering lives like autumn leaves. However, travellers do not think of such things. Their object being enjoyment, they look only at the gracious aspect of the power on whose wings they are borne across the country.

A tempting proposition was to steam through Lake Ontario, and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, passing the Thousand Islands by daylight, and stopping at the White Mountains on our homeward way. But this was rejected, as taking too much time, and it was concluded that we would strike across New York on the Central Railroad, diverging at Trenton Falls.

On entering the early morning cars and taking a survey of the passengers, we found that our stately beauty of the Cataract House, with her party—apparently husband and children, were off in the same train. Travelling acquaintances are so often at parting lost in the great sea of human beings, that you take it as a gift when faces that have been a pleasure and a study reappear before you.

The first few hours on a railroad, in fine weather, through a fine country, is to our mind the most luxurious kind of riding. Central New York, as seen from the cars, is a very fine country. The road running through a valley, we had on our right, the whole morning, a range of the loveliest hills that ever gladdened our eyes. And the weather was of that fitful kind that makes even a tame scene picturesque—when lights and shadows from floating clouds chase each other over the meadows, and lakes, and hill-sides, and sudden gleams of sunshine illuminate the distant heights, till they look like the Delectable Mountains. As we said, it is perfect luxury to sit at ease, with a panorama of superb pictures gliding by. Trifling disagreeables are not noticed at first. But after a hundred miles you weary of that incessant jogging. The heat and dust begin to annoy you; you wish that some inventive Yankee would puzzle out a remedy for the shower of charcoal that turns all the ladies into Cinderellas, and that the railroad companies would not be so tardy about adopting the air-spring already invented and patented by Dr. Heyward, of Wilmington, Delaware, and only waiting the slow progress of all good things to come into general use. Until these improvements are brought about, there will be weary hours in travelling—hours that test the character deeply. It is common for young people to take a wedding trip. We suggest a betrothal trip, if either party is in any uncertainty of mind. A few weeks spent in travelling would acquaint them with each other more thoroughly than a year of quiet home-intercourse.

We dined at Utica, which did not seem to us at first a pretty or a pleasant place. But in the afternoon we walked upon one of the breezy hills that environ it, through a street lined on both sides with handsome residences, elegant and tasteful homes, nestling down among trees and flowers, and overblown by country airs very different from the close, stifling atmosphere of the depot and Baggs' Hotel. All cities are intolerable things in July. We were glad enough to step into the cars for Trenton Falls. These now run so near to the place, that the stage ride at the end is but fifteen minutes long.

What a haven of rest it looked to our weary eyes! So large and noble a building, with so much culture and appearance of comfort about it, in the heart of the hills surprised us. And our neat and pleasant rooms, whose windows overlooked the most beautiful scenery, completed our satisfaction and refreshment of spirit. We were prepared by a day of heat and dust and fatigue, to appreciate thoroughly the quiet, home-like ways of the place, and our night's repose was repose indeed.

The pleasure of the next morning's ramble is past conveying in words. It is a thing to be glad of for a lifetime—the privilege of seeing Trenton Falls. We descended by a long and steep flight of steps to the rocky bed of the river, and walked up it for several miles, over places smooth as a pavement, others of the roughest clambering, sometimes holding on to iron chains, where the path was narrow and high and precipitous, on and on we went in a winged excitement of delight at the beauty that flashed on us like a new thing at every turn. In all our life we have never seen such mosses and ferns. Only those who have a passion for such things can understand how we longed to take possession of them—in some way to perpetuate the exquisite pleasure they gave us; but only children attempt this. The best that can be done with the perishing beauty of the woods, is to love it and leave it, as we did, with some internal philosophizing on a parallel matter by Emerson:

> "The lovely shells lay on the shore,
> The light spray of the latest wave
> Fresh pearl to their enamel gave,
> The bellowing of the savage sea
> Greeted their safe escape to me;
> I washed away the weeds and foam,
> I fetched my sea-born treasures home—
> But the poor, nameless, scentless things,
> Had left their beauty on the shore,
> With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

We came across an artist with his easel placed at a charming point of view, touching up a nearly finished picture. The peculiar amber color of the water was transferred to his canvas with a degree of its transparent beauty; but we should think the painter would be better pleased with his work after he had got it home, than he could be there in presence of the unattainable perfection of Nature.

The path up the river bed grows more and more rugged until it is impracticable to go farther. Then we sought out a way up the bank to the forest above, and went home by the very sweetest of all shadowy wood paths.

N. P. Willis, in a tale written years ago, gives some descriptive touches of the place, which convey our own impressions much better than we could:—

> Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream—forming for miles one continued succession of falls and rapids—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy, or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,
>
> "Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,"
>
> maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap, (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet,) occur frequently as you ascend; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the Falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with which the waters come to the leap. If it were not for the leaf which drops wavering down into the abysm from trees apparently painted on the sky, and which is caught away by the flashing current as if the lightning had suddenly crossed it, you would think the vault of the steadfast heavens a flying element as soon. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of sea-glass, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal. Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen, which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the abandonment of a flying fiend into hell, and reappearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly, but with divine serenity, on its way.
>
> Much as I detest water in small quantities, (to drink,) I have a hydromania in the way of lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. It is, by much, the *belle* in the family of the elements. *Earth* is never tolerable unless disguised in green. *Air* is so thin as only to be visible when she borrows drapery of water; and *Fire* is so starkingly bright as to be unpleasant to the eyesight; but water! soft, pure, graceful water! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. She can borrow nothing of her sisters. Earth has no jewels in her lap so brilliant as her own spray-pearls and emeralds; Fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset; Air has no robes like the grace of her fine-woven and ever changing drapery of silver. A health (in wine?) to water!
>
> Who is there that did not love some stream in his youth? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up, from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn web of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June—the dull void you find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre? For myself, I hold with the Greek: "Water is the first principle of all things: we were made from it, and we shall be resolved into it."

New Publications.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JAMES BUCHANAN. By H. G. HORTON. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE, EXPLORATIONS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. By CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM. Tickner & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

These books owe their birth solely to the fact that the eminent persons of whom they treat are candidates for the Presidency. They are both clever specimens of adroit special pleading, put forth for campaign purposes, and cannot be said to have any permanent value. No doubt they are written with as much fairness as it is possible in the nature of things for such books to be; and they certainly follow with a precision and accuracy sufficient for their purposes, the outlines of the careers of the Presidential nominees. The general objection to works of this kind is that they serve their purposes too well to materially aid the operations of an honest mind, oscillating in doubt between the respective claims of opposed parties, and endeavoring to fix its attachment to one or the other by mentally deciding which has the greatest political worth. Lawyers rarely assist judgment; they often confuse it; and the impartial voice of the Bench is frequently the sole guide juries have from the maze of bewilderment in which they have been lost by following the pleas of the advocates. Who shall adjust the claims the authors of these books make for their respective clients? Between them the reader is a shuttlecock between two battledores. An active fancy might picture the desperate puzzlement of some conscientious person who, desiring to know intelligently which candidate he ought to support by knowing which is the most honest and the most capable, has perused diligently these records of the lives and public services of Messrs. Buchanan and Fremont, and discovered that with the greatest possible distinction there is the least possible difference—the lives of both seeming to glow with an equal lustre, and the services of both appearing equally remarkable. For each biographer has lavished the choicest superlatives the language affords upon his client, and shown him to be absolutely and utterly without spot or flaw, and the veriest exemplar of all a patriot should be. Our conscientious friend has privately agreed with himself that none but the supereminent patriot shall get his voice and vote, but when he finds that all the patriotism which looks to the White House for its reward, is equally supereminent, his difficulty is to know upon which particular supereminence he shall settle! Until circumstances decide his dilemma, he will naturally fume at the writers who have degraded the lives and services of the candidates from their proper place in the impartial sunlight, to drape them in showy rhetoric, and exhibit them in a delusive atmosphere of rose-colored eulogy.

We suppose, however, that the main offices these volumes propose to perform, are to stimulate party feeling into a more fiery zeal, to quicken the laggards, and to reconvince the convinced. Their functions are not to make converts, but to confirm those already made. And, doubtless, they proceed on the principle that it is allowable for political ends, to omit all mention of those public sins of omission and commission of which public men, being mortal men, may be supposed guilty; to put the fairest gloss on every unpopular or immoral word and action of their lives; and to give prominence only to the good things they may have said or done in their several careers. Such a principle we consider extremely questionable. The noblest service the American biographer of a political man can render to his countrymen, is to write the exact truth of his subject—to omit nothing—to palliate nothing—to conceal nothing—and to let the weight of the bad right good he records, bear down in the balance of popular judgment, the error and the wrong, if it can. Every important public word or act of such a man should be set forth, with all its relations and consequences, in the simple and colorless language of truth—every one, no matter what its character—for every one is needed as an element in those mental operations of the nation which aim to decide the amount of his virtue and capability. Wise and good men never support a statesman on the assumption that he is immaculate; but they seek to know his general proclivities and tendencies, and they give him their confidence in the precise ratio in which they find his wisdom and virtue to preponderate over the sins, the mistakes, and the follies from which the noblest man cannot be exempt until Death uplifts him into that life where he loses the weakness which inevitably compounds with mortality. Our American habituation to the falsehood of extremes—to unqualified panegyric or pasquinade—in the treatment of public men, has become proverbial, and suggests matter for sober and sorrowful thought. We cannot be just and frank and truthful, because we must serve the fleeting interests and passions of the hour, or flatter our self-conceit, or lend our voices to the chorus of some popular idolatry. The great mass of our biographies, like old Fuller's tombstones, are "grave liars." They sacrifice truth by intermixing it with those suppressions and exaggerations which transmute it into falsehood; and sometimes they do not take the trouble to make it even one of their component elements—content to use only such facts as may lend them a delusive color of veracity. No doubt many of the falsifications and errors which creep into history have their nests in partial or partisan memoirs, and millions of men are misled, and engage in wrangling feuds from which countless evils are created, solely because biographers choose to forget the duty they owe to truth and God.

It is due to Mr. Horton, to say that his book is skillfully composed, and has considerable interest. In the latter respect, however, Mr. Upham has the advantage of him. The larger portion of the life of Fremont is the story of his adventures with Kit Carson and the free hunters in the mountains and valleys of the West, and consequently has potent charms for the reader. Much of it is made up of extracts from Fremont's published Reports, with whose vigor and picturesque power of narration many of our readers have been familiar in past time, long before the Pathfinder was dreamed of as a candidate for the Presidency. The work is, moreover, embellished with a finely executed portrait, and numerous aqua tint engravings, representing sceneries and incidents of adventure in the far West. Mr. Horton's volume is adorned with an engraved portrait of Mr. Buchanan. It contains numerous and copious extracts from his speeches, which renders it valuable to the Democrats as a text book with which to meet their opponents. As a memoir it is tolerably complete, and is cleanly and forcibly written. In point of abstract literary merit, we should award Mr. Upham's performance the palm.

TANGORUA: AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN PROSE. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Tangorua is a drama whose scenes and action are laid in the province of Pennsylvania about the middle of the last century. It has a plot of some interest, and displays much acquaintance with the public life and history of the period of which it treats. Here its merit ends. Dramatically considered, it is feeble, and it is void of all poetic elements. Its style is diffuse, homely, mere matter of fact, and prosy. The entire drama lacks vivacity, spirit, vigor, and the rapid and fiery movement which its plot demands. We will not undertake to say that prose is not the proper language for the drama, though for dramatic purposes "a use in measured language lies;" but we must say that the prose should always be rhythmical, terse, fervid, and energetic as in the speeches of great orators. If it is not eloquent, it is commonplace, and therefore ineffective. The declamatory passages in Tangorua are labored, cold and slow. The dialogue invariably lacks energy, and is unnatural and untrue to life. People never debate on themes in which their hearts and passions are engaged, in long and formal periods. They breathe quick and speak short; flash and change; interrupt; give scoff and counterscoff; are voluble, laconic, or silent, as their thoughts or emotions dictate. All the talk in Tangorua is stilted and artificial in form, and tame in spirit. The Indian characterizations are failures, chiefly because the words put into their mouths are the cumbrous Latin derivatives instead of the simple Saxon terms which would best express the savage intellect. There is no attempt made to preserve the forms of speech and idiomatic phrases peculiar to the people of the past century. All verbal verisemblance is lacking. Even the Quaker Callender spares the proverbial "thee," using it very seldom in his various lengthy addresses. In one scene several roysterING personages are introduced, smoking *cigars*. We may be mistaken—but we consider this a flagrant anachronism. Pipes were probably the mediums through which the people of 1750 permitted themselves to "think and smoke tobacco." But the entire drama is false to the local customs, manners, and habitudes of thought and expression, which belong to the period in which its action is cast. Considered historically (in the strict sense of the word,) it is sufficiently correct. The author is evidently a man of talent, and by careful study of the accepted models, or better still, by making himself thoroughly intimate with the various and multiform phases of life, can produce a worthier drama than Tangorua.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. By CHARLES LEVER. Harper & Brothers: New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Lever's latest novel is a great advance on his former productions of the Charles O'Malley school—works which, though extremely amusing, were also marked by glaring literary faults, such as verbal inaccuracies, tautologies of incident, and audacious plagiarisms. The present book somewhat resembles "The Knight of Gwynne," which we consider one of the author's best efforts. It is a tale of life in Ireland some four-and-twenty years ago. The central figure is a brave and beautiful girl, engaged in the lofty attempt to better the social condition of the peasantry on her uncle's estate. Around her, the author has disposed a motley group of those odd and graphic figures which he delights to portray. The story is a sad one. The generous struggle of the heroine terminates in defeat, and her death closes the scene. The tale sheds a mournful light upon the broken fortunes of the Irish people, and clearly reveals some of the causes which have made Ireland the tragedy of nations. It will be read with the pleasure which its dramatic interest insures, and will also convey salutary and instructive lessons to the minds and hearts of its readers.

NEW WORKS.

The following new works are upon our table:—

COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN AND THE CHINA SEAS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH, Mountaineer, Scout and Pioneer; and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. Written from his own dictation, by T. D. Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE WHITE CHIEF. A Legend of North Mexico. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "Hunter's Feast." New York: DeWitt & Davenport. For sale by all Booksellers.

WESTERN AFRICA: Its History, Condition and Prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen years a missionary in Africa. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD GUIDE: containing a description of the Scenery, Rivers, Towns, &c., along the line of the road. By Charles P. Dare. Philadelphia: Fitzgibbon & VanNess. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME: with Ivry, and The Armada. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Boston: James Munroe & Company. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

SIDERY'S WOLD. A Tale. By the author of "Sunbeam Stories," &c. Boston: James Munroe & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

COUSIN NICHOLAS. By the Rev. Richard Barham, author of the Ingoldsby Legends, &c. Buffalo: A. Burke, For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ZOUAVE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. Edited by Dr. Felix Maynard. Philadelphia: Hayes and Zell.

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by J. Parton. New York: Mason Brothers.

THE LAST OF THE FOREFTERS: or, Humors on the Border; a story of the Old Virginia Frontier. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A MANUAL OF COAL AND ITS TOPOGRAPHY. Illustrated by original drawings, chiefly of facts in the Geology of the Appalachian region of the United States. By J. P. Lesley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY. By B. Seatine, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Georgetown College. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

THE TONGUE OF FIRE: or, The True Power of Christianity. By Wm. Arthur, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

ELMWOOD; or, Helen and Emma. By Cora Mayfield. Boston: Jas. Munroe & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME. By Henry Cockburn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON, in connection with the narrative history of the Potomac Company. By John Prickell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE KINGDOM WHICH SHALL BE DESTROYED, &c. An Exposition of Prophecy, more Especially of Daniel, Chap. vii. By Rev. J. Oswald, A. M., York, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE MYSTERY; or, Evil and God. By John Young, L. L. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, according to St. Matthew. Received version in paragraph form. Baltimore: Rev. T. H. Stockton.

MONALDI. A Tale. By Washington Allston. Boston: Tickner & Fields. For sale by W. P. [illegible]zard, Philadelphia.

FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Mary H. Eastman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BIBLE TRACTS. No. 1. Sermon on the Mo[illegible] Baltimore: Rev. T. H. Stockton.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. Conducted by Charles D[illegible]ens. August. New York: Dix, Edwards & [illegible] For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE WAR-PATH: a Narrative of Adventure [illegible] the Wilderness: with minute details of the capti[illegible] of sundry persons; amusing and perilous incid[illegible] during their abode in the wild woods; fearful ba[illegible] with the Indians; encounters with wild beasts, [illegible] By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scen[illegible] &c. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

GOLDEN RULE, or Second Series of House[illegible] Words, for Boys and Girls. Edited by Fanny [illegible] Philada: G. Collins.

THE PICTURE BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. By [illegible] Howitt. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

JENNIE WHITE; or, The Lovely Fruits of [illegible] Piety. Philada: American Baptist Publication [illegible]ciety.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE A[illegible]ICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY. 1856.

AID TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN NATU[illegible] PHILOSOPHY: being the "Key" to Dr. Johns[illegible] Philosophical Charts. New York: A. Ranney.

HARPERS' STORY BOOKS. No. 20. Ran[illegible] Among the Alps: New York: Harper & Brothe[illegible]

☞ Two gentlemen walking together were tal[illegible] of the senses—seeing, feeling, and the like. On[illegible] marked that his sense of hearing was remarkabl[illegible] its acuteness, while the other was not wonder[illegible] endowed in this respect, but observed that his vi[illegible] was wonderful. "Now, to illustrate, I can see[illegible] on the spire of yonder church." The other, la[illegible] sharply at the place indicated, "Ah!" said he[illegible] can't see him, but I can hear him step!"

☞ An indulgent mother in Texas adm[illegible] recently that her eldest and best beloved boy—[illegible] factory and turbulent little fellow—richly merit[illegible] flagellation; but contended *that he should be put u[illegible] the influence of chloroform* before the sapling [illegible] applied.

☞ An Irishman lately bought a family Bible, [illegible] taking it home, made his first entry in it t[illegible] "Patrick O'Donohue—born July 20th, 1853, [illegible] 3 years."

☞ Professor Julius Cæsar Hannibal truly [illegible] marks: "I say unto you, verily a white neck-c[illegible] and two skinned eyes are no criterion to judge fe[illegible] mortal by.—De feller dat displays de signal ob [illegible] fress in de trowsers am often as holey as he [illegible] combs his har back, and wears a long face."

☞ The man who is fond of puddings and [illegible] places himself fearfully in the power of his wife!

☞ SOMETHING REMARKABLE.—It is very [illegible] markable that not one English officer was mar[illegible] in Turkey, though it abounds with handsome, [illegible] women.

☞ WHERE TO KNOW AND NOT KNOW.—If [illegible] would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a villa[illegible] if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a c[illegible] —*Lacon.*

POSTSCRIPT.

THE ELECTIONS.—From KENTUCKY we have Democratic, and the impression is that it has gone for the Democrats.

MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Aug. 6.—In this city, for Gover[illegible] Benton received 5,139 votes; Ewing, American, 4,503; [illegible] 2,139. For Congress in St. Louis, Blair, the Benton ca[illegible] date, leads Kennett, American, 238. Blair's majority [illegible] Kennett will reach 1,000.

The majority for Thomas H. Benton, for Governor, in[illegible] in this county. Polk, the anti-Benton candidate is [illegible] ahead of Ewing, the American candidate.

At Hannibal, Ewing's majority over Benton is 263, [illegible] over Polk 115.

Richmond, the Democratic candidate for Congress, is la[illegible] ly ahead in the District.

WASHINGTON, Aug.

Private despatches received here state that Blair, the [illegible] tou candidate for Congress, received 800 majority in the [illegible] of St. Louis, and 600 majority in the entire district.

Thomas H. Benton, it is also said, has a majority of 1,[illegible] over Ewing, the American candidate for Governor, and [illegible] majority over Polk, the anti-Benton candidate in St. Lou[illegible]

IOWA.—DAVENPORT, Iowa, Aug. 5.—In Scott county, Republican ticket has 350 majority; in Muscatine cou[illegible] 150; in Jackson county, 150; and in Desmoines county a publican majority is also reported.

WASHINGTON.—President Pierce has sent an answer t[illegible] call upon him by Congress, stating that Col. Sumner was authorized to disperse unarmed meetings in Kansas, and the Assembly of Topeka.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Fillmore Convention of this State nominated an electoral ticket, and voted down a resolution favor of Fusion by 72 to 18. Andrew Stewart and Jos[illegible] Ingersoll are the Senatorial Delegates.

GETTING THE START OF A COUNTERFEITER.—[illegible] Buffalo Express says a fellow the other day pas[illegible] upon Mr

Life in Paris.

PULARITY—AN IMPORTANT QUERY—A WITTY REPROOF—INUNDATIONS AGAIN—A SCIENTIFIC DINNER—A CURIOUS PROPOSITION—A SUDDEN CONVERSION—THEATRIC SUCCESS—A STEP BACKWARDS—A GLANCE ACROSS THE WATER.

PARIS, July 17, 1856.

To the Editor of the Post:

The Emperor's stay at Plombieres is said to be setting him up rapidly; his rheumatism melting away under the action of its hot-springs. He has made a number of excursions in the neighborhood, giving money liberally to the peasants, and otherwise courting the "golden opinions" of the masses, as usual. He has also caused a large tent to be erected at one end of the town, where a band plays every evening at his expense, the people flocking in from every point of the compass to join in the dance. No wonder that "his Imperial Majesty" is popular at Plombieres.

It is a pity that this clever and strong-willed personage cannot extend the benefits of his temporary stay to Spain, whose fresh disturbance have caused such surprise here! That unhappy country cannot hope for tranquillity in its present state of disorganization, with a noblesse stuffed full of pride and prejudice, and a population more sensual, brutal and ignorant than that of any other portion of Europe, not even excepting the serfs of Russia. An enlightened dictatorship, not without a touch of benevolence, holding in the blind fury of the populace with one hand, and pushing forward every sort of material improvement with the other, would probably be the best preparation such a people could have for something better. May not a sort of reformatory-penal discipline be as usefully applied to nations in a state of degraded childhood as to the unhappy juvenile delinquents of Mettray or Saltley?

The Empress, appointed Regent in case of a minority, is still at St. Cloud with the heir. An important point on which we shall doubtless be more fully enlightened by-and-by, meantime is assigned as the proximate cause" of the recent resuscitation of moline in high places.

This allusion to one of the crying miseries of the ches reminds me of the anecdote just going the rounds here, about a high dignitary of the church who was at one of the fetes recently given at St. oud in honor of the baptism, and, wishing to pass om one room to another, found the door-way quite ded by the enormous gauze skirts of two of the dies. Seeing the prelate's embarrassment, one of e two ladies endeavored to squeeze aside the ample peries of her dress, saying, with a smile,

"Try to get by, my lord bishop; our dressmakers t such a quantity of material into our skirts nowdays—"

—*That they have nothing left for the corsage!*" remarked the witty prelate, as he gently crushed his way between the two ladies.

But to return from the "pomps and vanities" to e more sober realities of the time.

The strawberry season has been shorn of much of s brilliance by the cold and rain which have spoiled part of our summer. Raspberries turn mouldy on their stems; cherries and plums are an almost total failure; and in several districts the vine is again diseased. Nor are these the only disasters of the moment.

Whirlwinds, snow-storms, and tremendous rains are still occurring in several of the Departments, especially those bordering the mountains, where, within the last week, bridges have been washed away, plains inundated, rocks forced down into valleys, and fertile localities buried to the depth of eight or ten feet under stones and detritus, past the power of the wretched villagers to clear away. In many parts of the country the soil for miles is still under water; and where the floods have subsided the houses are soaking and mildewed, with all they contain. The cattle will not drink the stagnant and putrid water, and the weary inhabitants are often obliged to fetch water for their beasts from long distances. Fevers and rheumatism abound; the legs of the peasants who have been wading for weeks through the mud and slough of the inundated regions are covered with ulcers. Mosquitoes also abound, and add to the tortures of the miserable populations. The French, as a people, are much touched by the general sympathy manifested for these misfortunes by other nations;—a manifestation in which we learn, by the last advices, that the people of the United States are also taking part.

With the prospect of scarcity and high prices still in view, one can hardly help wishing it were possible to carry out, *au serieux*, the odd idea just put forth in jest by one of the most witty and eccentric of the French exiles, M. Pierre Leroux, equally distinguished for his brilliant socialist writings, and the unalterable geniality of his humor, who has just addressed to the authorities of Jersey, where he has taken refuge since the *coup d'etat*, a paper setting forth the agricultural improvements which, in the opinion of the illustrious refugee, are called for by the nature and circumstances of that little island. In the course of this paper he introduces an amusing supposition which shows better, perhaps, than would be done by a more serious course of reasoning, of how little practical value are certain so-called "chemical analyses," and how far we still are from having acquired a true insight into the combinations employed by Nature.

Dumas, Leibig, and others of their learned brethren being invited out to dinner, Pierre Leroux imagines their host, as he marshals these lights of science to an empty dinner-table, thus addressing his discomfited guests—

"Gentlemen, you are so learned, that it would be a shame for me not to profit by your science, and to offer you a dinner worthy of yourselves. I am proud to acknowledge myself one of your adepts; I adopt your principles, and act, as you will see, in accordance with the same. When you call for water, my servants will bring you one part of oxygen and two parts of hydrogen; I need not remind you that in these you will have the constituent elements of water. When you call for wine, they will bring you, 1st, a large proportion of water; 2nd, a variable proportion of alcohol; 3rd, an extractiform mucilaginous matter, (I borrow your own words;) 4th, a blue coloring principle; 5th, a small quantity of acetic acid; 6th, some bi-tartrate of potassium; 7th, some tartrate of lime, chlorure of potassium, and sulphate of potash; 8th, and lastly, a volatile principle which will be especially agreeable to you, M. Leibig, since it is you who have discovered it, and given to it the name *of ether of wine*, or, to use a term from the Greek language, which you all, gentlemen, speak so well, of *enantic ether*. Thanks to this ether, you will possess the very *bouquet* of the wine. As for bread, meat, vegetables, you are well aware, gentlemen, that these substances are all reducible to hydrogen, carbon, and azote; with the addition of a certain number of salts. You shall be served accordingly. M. Dumas, you have had the sublime idea of nourishing plants directly with ammonia; you shall have some ammonia in addition to the other constituent elements. I have chosen, as cooks, the 'fine flower' of your disciples. They have served a long apprenticeship among the retorts of your laboratories. Take your places, then, around the table; forget not that you have before you the constituents of every delicacy of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and let joy preside at your repast."

I fancy the faces of the learned fraternity at the conclusion of such an exordium.

Cardinal Patrizzi, the baptiser of the Imperial baby, is safely arrived in Rome, after being received with all the honors of official pomp at the various points at which he has touched during his journey. The belief that the Pope is willing to inaugurate the reforms which are being urged upon him by France and Austria, gains ground here; as does also another rumor—set on foot during the sessions of the Congress of Paris, but which I did not then mention from its seeming improbability—which attributes to the "Great Powers" the intention of inducing the Pope to transport the chair of St. Peter from Rome to Jerusalem. The main obstacle to the regeneration of Italy, it is thought, would thus be removed; the States of the Church (in exchange for which the Pope would receive a tract of land obtained from the Sultan, of which Jerusalem would be the capital,) would be secularized, and probably united to Sardinia. This ingenious conception meets with great favor here, among all but the ultra-bigoted party. Time will show what degree of truth there may be in the rumor.

M. Pousard's play, *La Bourse*, mentioned in a recent letter as one of the most successful pieces produced of late years on the Paris boards, has so vividly impressed a French gentleman, residing in Liverpool, and given to occasional dealing in the stocks, that he has written to the author, informing him of his determination to sell out his stock, and to renounce all dabbling in the money-market for the future. This gentleman's letter, signed "A. B." and the reply of the popular play-wright, are going the rounds of the newspapers, to the great amusement of the public. M. Pousard, whose play is directed, as I remarked on a former occasion, rather against the *dangers* than the *immorality* of stock-jobbing, while complimenting "A. B." on the brilliant example of sacrifice made for conscience-sake, takes care to qualify his approbation by stating that his play is directed against "the *abuses*" of stock-jobbing, rather than against its "principle," or its "exercise by honorable men." A subtle distinction which is hardly like to keep back many of the excited victims of the lust of wealth from rushing into the vortex of the modern Maelstrom.

"The Son of the Night," at the Porte St. Martin, and "The Bird of Paradise," at the Gaiete, are just having a tremendous run. They are a couple of brilliant extravaganzas, very picturesque, crammed full of "situations," and brought out in the magnificent style of decoration which has come into vogue of late years, and which would make the Bard of Avon open his eyes unusually wide, if he could "revisit the glimpses of the"—modern footlights (which, by the way, it is seriously proposed to abandon for some more rational method of lighting).

The place of Professor of Singing, at the Conservatory, left vacant by the retirement of Madame Cinti Damoreau, formerly so brilliant an ornament of the French Opera, and for many years past one of the most skillful and successful teachers of the vocal art in that world-renowned establishment, is to be conferred upon a successor of the other sex; the authorities of that institution, with an enlightened liberality worthy of the progressive nineteenth century, having come to a determination to fill all the professorships now occupied by women, as they fall vacant, with individuals of the masculine gender.

The Moniteur copies from the Courrier des Etats Unis, a glowing description of the magnificent appointments of the new Hudson River steamboat, the Isaac Newton, and gives an account of certain astoundingly big trees in California, such as the "Mother of the Forest," 327 feet high, and 90 feet in circumference, with a number of others, such as the "Husband and Wife," "Hercules," the "Hermit," the "Mother and Son," "Siamese Twins," &c., all of which it states, on the authority of Hooker's Journal of Botany, are 300 feet high, and 50 to 60 in circumference, with a vegetable monster called the "Father of the Forest," which, when standing, towered to the height of 450 feet, its trunk, at the base, measuring 112 feet in circumference; all which measurements its readers consider to be very surprising—if true.

QUANTUM.

Letter from England.

LONDON DINNERS—ARTILLERY REVIEW AT WOOLWICH—CRIMEAN PETS—SOCIAL HISTORY IN PORCELAIN—NEW CERAMIC COURT AT SYDENHAM—HOLIDAYS FOR THE PEOPLE—EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

LONDON, July 17th, 1856.

That a dinner is a good thing is a proposition pretty generally received, but nowhere does it seem to be so feelingly impressed upon the popular mind as in England. The true British homage to merit of every kind, to patriotism, art, science, moral heroism, to everything in fact which touches John Bull's heart or admiration, is a dinner. The whole course of the progress of English civilization might be traced by cataloguing from year to year the different occasions that have called forth public dinners. The record of "Whitebait dinners" at Greenwich and Blackwall, marks accurately the progress of the London season; and the termination of that great period of London life is chronicled yearly in the "dinners at Richmond." Just at present, therefore, it is useless to call on your gentlemen friends, to invite them to your house, to expect any visits from them, they are utterly useless in a social point of view, they are all dining at Richmond, the clubs, the learned, and other societies, the artists; every one, in fact, that has the remotest connexion with the dining world, are all giving their farewell dinners there—last of all comes the yearly Ministerial dinner, which marks the termination of the Parliamentary session; then all is ended, and London, deserted by every one who can find the leisure and the means, rests quietly in its smoke, and the company of a million and a-half or so, of cobodies, till dinner time comes round again. A project has been suggested by certain patriots, to wind up the season by a dinner to the Guards, who made their public entry last week, a grand project worthy of English genius in that department—a dinner to 5,000 men.

As the Review of Crimean regiments drew all the movable population of eight-seers to Aldershott last week, so the Review of the returned artillery regiments at Woolwich, the last scene of the public receptions of the returned Crimeans, with the wonderful coincidence of a cloudless day, drew thousands of spectators in that direction on the 13th. The artillery force, horse and foot, consisting of 3,500 men, 2,450 horses, and 72 guns, was drawn up on Woolwich Common. The Queen and her party rode down the lines, and then took their position near a flag-staff erected in front of the Royal Military Academy, while the Greenhill battery treated them to that most disagreeable of compliments, a royal salute, which almost drowned the bands. The regiments then marched passed at a foot-pace in columns six men abreast, with the artillery; the whole appearance of the troops was very fine, but a comical effect was produced by the fact that almost every regiment was followed by a supplement of pet animals brought home from the Crimea; trotting after the last rank of the first, came a black sheep, after another a shaggy goat, while the rear of a third was brought up by a donkey with a magnificent sabretash round his neck. This was quite a distinguished member of the military community. By some odd chance he had taken part in a charge of the Russians on the trenches at Inkermann, had been captured by this regiment, and adopted, and now walked quietly after them in his military adornment, bearing his honors with exemplary meekness. When, however, the troops having passed the flag-staff at a foot-pace, wheeled and returned at a brisk trot, the equanimity of their four-footed attendants was very much disturbed, to the great amusement of the crowd, from which, however, they were quickly hidden by the clouds of dust raised by the great body of horse artillery as it swept past at full gallop, a performance which the Times next day styled a "magnificent manœuvre, very effective," and doubtless the spectators would have agreed in the judgment had not the clouds of dust raised by it been such as to hide both men and horses most completely.

The Directors of the Sydenham Crystal Palace, in addition to the fetes they have been giving, and of which the first was noticed in a late letter, have offered another attraction to the public, by opening during the past week a new court, one of the most interesting in the building, devoted to the illustration of the history and present condition of Ceramic Art. The court itself, with its graceful decorations, and richly ornamented ceiling, is one of the most beautiful compartments of the Palace, and in it is a most extensive and costly collection of China and pottery of every description, examples of almost every stage of the manufacture in Europe, from the time that the secret of the manufacture was brought home by the French Jesuits, and earlier still; for the works of China itself are represented, its curious dragon vases, the delicate sea green tints and pearly surfaces in which Chinese manufacturers seem to have delighted, covered with red and blue monsters, defying, for their production, any but a Chinese imagination. It is interesting to note the national taste, character, and life of different times and countries stamped upon a manufacture so illustrative of the social life and customs of all classes. On one side is a series of French China, from the strong, coarse, vigorous work of the enthusiastic old hero of early French pottery, Palissy, who tore up his floors to heat his furnaces, and left his own character impressed upon his productions, all embossed with leafy boughs, fish, grotesque forms of lizards and curious shapes, colored with the strong greens and yellows in which he delighted; the rich bimoges work of the time of Francis the First, with its gold and bright colors, to the splendid triumphs of Sevres and St. Cloud, the very apotheosis of porcelain, in which the richness and delicacy of the coloring, the grace and variety of form, and the exquisite beauty of ornament, with the wonderful fineness of material combined to render those productions so unrivalled as specimens of Ceramic Art. Here is a very different series, the German ware, of which not the least interesting is the stone-ware, from the Rhineland, in the 16th century. Those sturdy fat flagons, with metal lids, and handles fit for the grasp of a bold robber baron; those deep, ribbed wine jugs, and squat stoups, are full of the life of the riotous knights and men-at-arms, and jolly old monks, and glowing wines of the German middle ages, gradually civilizing as we approach the celebrated old China of Dresden, and the modern beauties of Berlin and Vienna. Italy is represented in the superb old Raphael ware, and the Nigolean, with its broad, almost Flemish *drawing, its strong blues and yellows.*

But the English manufacture is naturally the one most fully represented. The case of old Wedgwood China contains 300 articles, specimens of all the different styles of his work. The well-known Etruscan ware, with its black or blue ground and white figures, the beautiful designs of Flaxman, of which there are are some very fine specimens—among others the grand vase in porphyry, ornamented with Apollo, Graces, and Fawns; the equally well-known bust of Mercury, in Basaltware, and numbers of smaller articles. Some idea of the value of this case may be formed from the fact, that at a late sale, a copy of the Portland Vase sold for 180 guineas, and a small, peach-colored cup and saucer, rich with delicate white tracery, sold for 80 guineas. There is also, of the same ware, a collection of Cameos, of which the ornament is so delicate as to be best appreciated by the aid of a microscope. Then comes the Chelsea ware, best known for its curious figures. One of the most interesting specimens of this ware, is a favorite teapot of Dr. Johnson, which he was in the habit of producing on grand occasions. There is the costly Worcester China, with its gold and white vase, and its beautiful paintings of Wolsey at Worcester Abbey, a celebrated scene from Giorgione, and its plates ornamented with coats-of-arms. The modern English China is well represented in the stands of the Copelands, Minton, and other great English manufacturers, who send a dazzling collection of articles of taste and luxury, from the great Alhambra Vase, in gold and purple, with its beautiful Moorish tracery in white, and its handles of fluted Griffin wings, the size of which would seem to preclude its entrance into any room smaller than one of the courts of the palace from which it takes its name, to the less teutonic, but more interesting specimens of porcelain, which ordinary people might make use of in ordinary life. One of the latest novelties is the Pompeii ware, an imitation of the specimens found at that city. Vases, cups, &c., of black ground and red figures, with the graceful forms and quaint ornament for which the originals are noted.

The arrangement of this court was entrusted to Mr. Bettane, F. S. A., himself engaged in the manufacture of Porcelain; and certainly the commission has been well executed. The only subject of regret is, that this superb collection, so full of interest in itself, and in its historical suggestions, cannot be considered as very permanent, since the greater part of it belongs to private contributors.

The strong feeling that has existed with reference to opening the Crystal Palace, and other institutions designed for the education and interest of the people, on Sunday—the only day when, at present, the people could make use of them—though defeated in its direct object, is nevertheless accomplishing somewhat the same end, by the success attending the efforts of the "Early Closing Association," of which the object is to induce employers to give a half-holiday on Saturday to their work people. The custom is rapidly becoming a national one. In Manchester, the manufacturers and merchants have adopted the plan of closing at 2, P. M. on Saturdays. The principal towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire have followed their example. In Liverpool, it has become almost universal.

London has held out the longest against the innovation, but even here the movement is gaining ground. Messrs. Truman Hanburg & Baxton, the great brewers of London, have conceded the half-holiday; the Judges and law courts have done the same. The linen drapers and dock companies are considering it, and it is to be hoped that, before long, the advantages to both employers and employed will be as universally felt and acknowledged, as are those resulting from the different bills limiting the hours of factory work, so strongly contested at the time, so cordially approved of now.

☞ FAILURE OF THE SILK CROP.—The silkworms in the South of France are dying of a disease which the Italians call *gattine*. Their growth becomes stopped. Some produce a few threads and the others attempt to form a ball, but the silk is of no value. The silk crop for this year will be the worst that was ever known.

☞ A PROPER TERM.—How can a man who has no wings be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

☞ THE EMPRESS AND THE SHEPHERD.—The French Empress visited the Paris cattle show, wheeled in a Bath chair. A shepherd, who lately presented her with a cow, came up and offered his hand, which she shook heartily. He followed her during the whole of her visit, pushing her chair along.

☞ The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but a tailor often makes a coat for an ass.

☞ A ram belonging to Mr. Jenkins, butted down a boy belonging to Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis became enraged, and severed ram's jugular. In the language of Shakspeare, "Off with his head! So much for bucking him."

☞ "Why don't some enterprising railroad company fit up a car with eatables to attend the train—a regular dining car, where, at certain hours, or at all hours, the traveller could sit down to a quiet, comfortable meal, and 'take it easy,' by paying for it! The hot coffee and snatched pies and sandwiches swallowed, with railroad speed, at the refreshment depots, burn our mouths, ruin our digestion, and perpetually stick us with short change! Who will initiate a better state of things?"

CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE, on the 24th, the Senate took up the bill amending the Diplomatic and Consular System, and after debating it, passed.

On motion of Mr. Pugh, a resolution was adopted, requesting the President to inform the Senate whether any application has been made to him by the Governor of California to maintain the laws and peace of the State against the usurped authority of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, and also to communicate whatever information he may have respecting the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee.

Bills were passed, making appropriations for the construction of harbors at the mouth of Grand River and Black Lake, Michigan. Adjourned.

On the 28th, the Senate refused, by a vote of 14 yeas to 23 nays, to order the engrossment of the bill to appropriate $75,000 to test the practicability and usefulness of Richardson's atmospheric railway.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the improvement bills on the calendar. That for the construction of a harbor at New Buffalo, Mich., was rejected.

The bills for the construction of a harbor at the mouth of Clinton river, for completing the harbor of St. Joseph's, and for completing the piers of the harbor at Monroe, Michigan, passed after debate. The Senate then adjourned.

On the 30th, the Senate took up the bill to regulate the compensation of members of Congress.

Mr. Collamer proposed, as a substitute, that members shall receive, for attendance at the Sessions, 25 per cent. additional to what they are now entitled to by law. The bill was then referred to the Committee on Finance.

The bill to continue the improvements of the harbor of Newark, New Jersey, gave rise to an animated debate, involving the entire scope of such questions. Without disposing of the bill, the Senate adjourned.

On the 31st, the bill directing the manner of the payment of the California War Bonds was considered and passed.

On motion of Mr. Seward, a resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War to report whether the public interests require an improvement of the roads connecting West Point, New York, with the interior country lying westward thereof, and if so, what is the most practicable and expedient mode of making such communication, and the expense thereof.

The Senate passed the House bill to continue the improvement of the Des Moines rapids, on the Mississippi river, and those for the improvement of the harbors of Newark, New Jersey; Conneaut, Huron, Fairport, Ashtabula, Sandusky, Cleveland, and Black River, Ohio; Buffalo, Dunkirk, Oswego, Oak Orchard Creek, Big Sodus and Little Sodus, New York; the bills making an appropriation for a steam dredge at Lake Ontario, for completing the Breakwater at Burlington, Vermont; the bills providing for continuing the improvement of the Missouri and Arkansas rivers, and for continuing the construction of the Breakwater on the east side of Reedy Island.

These bills, nineteen in all, appropriate an aggregate of half a million of dollars. They each received more than a two-third vote. Adjourned.

On August 1st, Messrs. Cass and Stuart presented petitions from citizens of Michigan, praying for the admission of Kansas into the Union, with the Topeka Constitution.

On motion of Mr. Seward, a resolution was adopted, directing the Committee of Commerce to inquire whether it is expedient to require the fire rooms of steam vessels to be constructed of fire-proof materials.

The Senate then took up for consideration the Report of the Committee on Indian Affairs, declaring that no further legislation was necessary in the case of Richard W. Thompson, who made an agreement with the Menomonee Indians for one-third of the money he should procure them, in addition to the amount allowed for their lands and removal across the Mississippi river. He obtained $240,000 from the Government, and modifying the original agreement, consented to take $40,000 as his fee. A bill passed at the last Congress authorized this sum to be paid to him with the proviso that Thompson should previously get the consent of the Indians. This he did, but complaint is now made that Commissioner Manypenny prevented its payment on the ground that the bill signed by the President was not the bill passed by Congress; the proviso having been, by some means, omitted therefrom.

A debate ensued, but without any result, a motion prevailed to adjourn till Monday.

On the 4th, Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which lies over, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report forthwith a resolution authorizing the President to direct the District Attorney of Kansas to enter a *nolle prosequi* on each of the indictments against Robinson, Smith, Jenkins, John Brown, Williams, G. W. Brown, and Deitzler, for treason against the United States.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on the 28th, the bill appropriating $200,000 for continuing the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids of the Mississippi River was passed—yeas 117, nays 48.

Mr. Denver, from the Select Committee on the subject, moved a suspension of the rules, in order to enable him to report the Pacific Railroad Bill. Negatived—yeas 77, nays 87.

The House then went into Committee on the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Sherman offered an amendment as follows:

"Provided, nevertheless, That no part of the military force of the United States herein provided for shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of the enactments of the alleged Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas, recently assembled at Shawnee Mission, until Congress shall have enacted either that it was or it was not a valid Legislative Assembly, chosen, in conformity with the organic law, by the people of the said Territory: And provided, That until Congress shall have passed on the validity of the said Legislative Assembly of Kansas, it shall be the duty of the President to use the military forces in said Territory to preserve the peace, suppress insurrection, repel invasion, and protect persons and property therein and the national highways in the State of Missouri from unlawful seizures and searches: And be it further provided, That the President is required to disarm the present organized militia of the Territory of Kansas, and to recall all the United States arms therein distributed, and to prevent armed men from going into said Territory to disturb the public peace, or aid in the enforcement or resistance of real or pretended laws."

The Chairman, Mr. Leiter decided the amendment out of order, but was overruled by two majority.

Mr. Sherman said his amendment was just, fair and honest, and would do more for the settlement of the Kansas difficulties, than all the bills for that purpose put together.

Mr. Stephens contended that Congress had no right to decide on the validity of the laws of Kansas. That was a question for the Judiciary, and he was for the people of the Territory governing themselves.

After considerable discussion, the amendment was adopted, yeas 80, nays 40, and the Committee rose.

On motion, 10,000 extra copies of the Report of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad were ordered to be printed. At the evening session, several speeches were made.

On the 29th, the House proceeded to act on the various amendments reported from the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, to the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said he should feel constrained to separate from those with whom he usually acted in the vote on the amendment of Messrs. Barbour and Sherman, with reference to Kansas. They were introduced in violation of the rules and usages of the House. It was the duty of the Committee on the Judiciary or Territories at an early period of the session to introduce measures proposing some proper remedy for the difficulties in Kansas. There are now 7,000 men employed in the defence of the Pacific coast, meeting danger in every form, yet, gentlemen propose substantially to withhold supplies from the army, because in 1854 a Legislative mistake was made. Why was not such a proviso as that on which the House is now about to vote attached to the Deficiency Bill, which contained the appropriation for the supplies of members? Why postpone it till near the close of the session? He wished it distinctly understood that he would go as far as those who would go for fair and legitimate legislation relative to Kansas, and he would not consent to the accomplishment of the object in the indirect manner proposed.

Mr. Giddings explained why he did not move a similar restriction in the Deficiency Bill. It would not have been germain to attach it to a measure providing for the pay of members of Congress. But the House was now providing for the support of the army, which the President was using to overthrow the Constitution. The amendment which Mr. Campbell complained of was designed to preserve the Constitution and rights of the people against Executive usurpation. Would his colleague aid the President to overthrow the liberties of the country.

A Voice—"A good hit."

Mr. Campbell replied to Mr. Giddings, that he (Mr. G.) knew well that appropriations for the army were in the Deficiency Bill. He understood that some similar provisions were to be attached to the other Appropriation Bills, the effect of which would be to defeat them. He was unwilling to take the responsibility of withholding supplies from the various branches of the public service, until the House shall have done its duty in sending to the Senate some bill by which all the troubles in Kansas can be settled. He would favor it upon its own merits. If the Senate, in defiance of the public will, should refuse acquiescence, then he would favor the proviso withholding the appropriations as a last resort.

The amendment of Mr. Barbour was then read, with the amendment of Mr. Stanton, adopted in Committee. It declares the laws of Kansas null and void, and that no part of the Federal military forces shall be employed for their enforcement, nor shall any of the citizens of Kansas be compelled to act as a posse comitatus of any officer acting as Marshal or Sheriff of the Territory.

Upon the vote being taken, this was rejected, yeas 85, nays 89.

The House, by a vote of yeas 97, nays 86, concurred in Mr. Sherman's amendment. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed—yeas 93, nays 90.

Before the vote was announced, Mr. Campbell of Ohio, said that, having been assured by Mr. Washburne, of Maine, that the Senate will amend the bill by striking out the obnoxious feature, he would record his vote in the affirmative.

Mr. Washburne replied that his faith was in a Committee of Conference rather than in the Senate.

The bill then passed finally—yeas 93, nays 90.

Mr. Dunn then submitted a bill for the re-organization of Kansas, and providing the usual territorial machinery.

The bill makes provision for the freedom of speech and of the press; test oaths of whatever kinds are prohibited, nor shall cruel nor unusual punishments be allowed; all criminal prosecutions pending in any of the Courts of Kansas, inputing to any persons the crime of treason, and all criminal prosecutions for alleged violation or disregard whatever of what are usually known as the laws of the Legislature of Kansas, shall be forthwith dismissed, and every person restrained of his liberty released. It restores the Missouri restriction, and provides for the encouragement of settlement and education. The bill repeals all parts of the Kansas Nebraska, or other acts in conflict with this bill.

Mr. Reed moved to lay the bill on the table. Disagreed to—yeas 77, nays 93.

Mr. Dunn's bill then passed—yeas 88, nays 74—as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Albright, Allison, Bell, Barbour, Benson, Bishop, Bliss, Bradshaw, Brenton, Bullington, Campbell, of Penn., Campbell, of Ohio, Chaffee, Clawson, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cumback, Damrell, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Dunn, Durfee, Edie, Edwards, Emrie, Flagler, Giddings, Gilbert, Granger, Grow, Hall, of Mass., Harlan, Harrison, Haven, Holloway, Horton, of N. Y., Horton, of Ohio, Hughston, Kelsey, King, Knapp, Knight, Kowlton, Knox, Kunkel, Matteson, McCarty, Miller, Moore, Morgan, Morrill, Nichols, Norton, Oliver, Parker, Pelton, Perry, Pettit, Pringle, Purviance, Ritchie, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Sherman, Simmons, Spinner, Stanton, Strausham, Tappan, Todd, Trafton, Wade, Wakeman, Walbridge, Waldron, Washburne, of Ill., Washburne, Jr., Watson, Welch, Wells, Woodruff and Woodworth—88.

NAYS—Messrs. Aiken, Barkesdale, Bell, Bowie, Branch, Broom, Barnett, Campbell, of Ky., Carlisle, Caruthers, Clarke, Cobb, of Geo., Cobb, of Ala., Cox, Craige, Crawford, Cullen, Davidson, Davis, Denver, Dowdel, Edmundson, English, Faulkner, Foster, Goode, Greenwood, Harris, of Md., Harris, of Alabama, Harris, of Ill., Houston, Jewett, Jones, of Tenn., Jones, of Penn., Kennett, Kidwell, Lake, Little, Lumpkin, Marshall, of Ky., Marshall, of Ill., Maxwell, Miller, of Ind., Millson, Packer, Peck, Phelps, Powell, Purvear, Quitman, Reade, Ready, Ricaud, Rivers, Ruffin, Savage, Shorter, Smith, of Tenn., Smith, of Va., Sneed, Stephens, Stewart, Swope, Taylor, Tripp, Underwood, Valk, of N. Y., Walker, Warner, Watkins, Winslow, Wright, of Miss., Wright, of Tenn., and Zollicoffer—74.

At the evening session, Mr. Caruthers justified the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and stated that the only political act of his life, of which he was ashamed, was the having joined the Know Nothings. This he publicly repudiated, and, as an old line Whig, gave his reasons, for preferring Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Fillmore, who he contended had no chance of an election.

On the 30th, the bill providing for the settlement of the claims of officers of the Revolution, and the widows and orphans of those who died in the service, was taken up and passed.

The bill for expediting the issuing of patents for confirmed land claims in California, was debated and laid on the table by 30 majority.

The Fortification Appropriation Bill was taken up and debated. Without disposing of the bill the House adjourned.

On the 31st, the Kansas contested election case was taken up.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, maintained that the election of Whitfield was without the authority of law, and that he comes here only as the choice of the minority of the resident citizens of Kansas. Therefore, he is not entitled to a seat as delegate. The election under which Mr. Reeder claimed was equally without the authority of law, but inasmuch as he is the choice of a larger number of residents than those who voted for Whitfield, the Committee recommend that he be admitted to the seat he claims. To deny to Kansas the right to be heard through the choice of its resident citizens, merely because that choice was manifested outside of the legal forms—and necessarily so, because the law making power was destroyed by foreign violence—is to deny to Kansas the right to be heard at all on the floor of the House.

Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, called attention to the fact, that the Committee on Elections in the other contested cases had reported a resolution that the contestant was entitled to his seat, but in this they recommend that Mr. Reeder be admitted.

Mr. Washburne asserted that neither Mr. Whitfield nor Mr. Reeder were chosen by the existing law. In the present case the Committee had followed the precedent set concerning Wisconsin or Minnesota Territories. It was competent for the House to admit Mr. Reeder as a delegate.

Mr. Smith said Mr. Reeder had no legal right, yet you would admit him.

Mr. Stephens, taking issue with Mr. Washburne, remarked that where there is a legally organized territorial government, some person must be, under the law, entitled to the seat. In the case referred to by the gentleman from Maine, there was no organized government; but in Kansas provision is made by law for the election of a delegate. Therefore, the precedent did not apply. In the course of his remarks he alluded to the adoption of Mr. Sherman's amendment to the Army bill, saying the majority of the House had thus evinced their desire to strike down the main pillar of liberty, namely, the right of the people to bear arms, as secured by the Constitution. When he saw such things, he almost despaired of anything being done in behalf of law and order, the Constitution being regarded as no longer binding.

Mr. Sherman replied to Mr. Oliver's minority report from the Kansas Investigating Committee, and maintained the truth of the statements set forth by the majority, concerning the invasion by the Missourians, and their violent control of the elections, trampling on the rights of the resident voters. He argued that all remedy for the Free State men of the territory by judicial process, was utterly futile. He would vote for the unseating of Mr. Whitfield, because the latter represents the forces which invaded Kansas. The laws of the territory were illegally passed, and ought to be repealed, the militia disarmed, and the whole federal treasure, if necessary, expended to keep the peace.

Mr. Savage insisted that the whole transaction, in its origin, was an assault on the Constitution and laws of the United States, and in its progress an assault on justice and truth. Instead of facts, the report of the majority of the Kansas Investigating Committee was a compound of the grossest partiality, misrepresentation and falsehood, not to say perjury. He proceeded to show that the report was entitled to no credit, as it was contradicted by the record in the case. The statements were loose, and surpassed the fictitious stories of Munchausen, Gulliver, and the Arabian Nights. To the ballot-rose and bloody movements of the Congressional Aid Society, and others who supported them, must be attributed all the terrible events in Kansas. Like gamblers, they resort to the bowie knife and grab-game, four hundred millions of federal treasure being the stake for which they are now conducting their Presidential schemes. If any Northern men say they have better men and women and agriculture than the South, he was ready to tell them they lie from the bottom of their shoes.

Mr. Oliver, of Missouri, contended that, under the resolution providing for the Kansas Investigating Committee, they had no authority to inquire into the validity of the Legislative Assembly. It was a violation of every principle of law, and it was degrading in his colleagues on the Committee thus to transcend their powers. He asked whether the House was willing to trample on all law by admitting Mr. Reeder. Were men so far lost to justice and decency as to be guilty of such a monstrosity? He would not believe it till it should be so recorded, and then he should see it with shame and mortification.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, asked that the statement of Gov. Reeder be read. Several objections were interposed, but afterwards withdrawn.

A letter from H. Green, dated "Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia," was first read, stating that Mr. Reeder was confined there by sickness, and wishing some gentleman to write to Mr. Reeder, informing him what day the debate on the contested election will be closed.

The Speaker remarked that Mr. Reeder's statement was without date.

The Clerk commenced reading, to the effect that the great mass of evidence renders it indisputable that the Legislative Assembly of Kansas was a fraudulent and usurping body, and elected in a manner disgraceful to the age. He assumes that the law under which Mr. Whitfield was elected is absolutely void, and calls for stern condemnation as a stupendous fraud. His own election, so far as time and place was concerned, was not in accordance with previous law; he claims, however, that he received a large majority of the legal votes, while his opponent was sustained by a little band of voters and accessions from Missouri, falling short in the aggregate of his legal votes. He expresses his high gratification that his previous position relative to the alleged election has been sustained by the recent investigation, and repeats that Mr. Whitfield has no shadow of right to a seat.

Ineffectual efforts were made by Messrs. Phelps and Humphrey Marshall to dispense with the further reading of the letter. It could be printed, and laid on the table of members to-morrow morning.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, wanted the House to go into Committee on the Fortification Bill, saying that the public business demanded that they should work after four o'clock.

The clerk resumed the reading, but before it was finished a motion to adjourn prevailed.

On August 1st, Mr. Boyce said he received a certificate from the Governor of South Carolina, stating that Preston S. Brooks had been re-elected to Congress from the Fourth Congressional District, and he asked to be now sworn in.

Mr. Brooks advanced to the chair of the Speaker, who administered the oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

The consideration of the Kansas contested election case was resumed, and the Clerk completed the reading of Mr. Reeder's statement, commenced yesterday. The latter refers to various precedents and quotes, among others, the remarks of Messrs. Cass and Buchanan, to show that a delegate may be admitted in the absence of a specific law for that purpose, which Mr. Reeder argues is to support the position heretofore assumed by him.

Mr. Whitfield, the sitting delegate from Kansas, said that his election should not be reversed without a full and impartial hearing. He maintained that he was elected under a statute passed in pursuance of the organic law, and therefore was entitled to remain where he was. There was no proper legal challenge of his rights, from the fact that he had no competitor in the canvas. Hence Mr. Reeder being a volunteer, had no right to contest his seat; but apart from this, Mr. Reeder is estopped, he having certified the Legislative Assembly, as legal, and had the power to right such wrongs as were represented to exist. He insisted that every rule of testimony in his case was violated by the Kansas Investigating Committee.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, replied to Mr. Stephens, contending that, from uniform principle and precedents, the House has the right to inquire as it has inquired in the present case, into the question of fact, whether there was, or was not, a Legislature, which could pass laws of binding force. It had been incontestibly proved that the Kansas Legislature had been elected by the aid of the citizens of Missouri. He, therefore, insisted that Mr. Reeder should be admitted as the proper representative, having been elected by a majority of the legal voters of Kansas.

The vote was then taken on the resolution reported by the Committee, that Mr. Whitfield was not entitled to a seat as delegate, when it was adopted—yeas 110, nays 92.

A vote was then taken on the second resolution of the Committee, that Mr. Reeder be admitted to a seat, which was rejected—yeas 88, nays 113.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, asked, but was denied the unanimous consent of the House, to allow him to offer a resolution paying Mr. Reeder mileage and per diem to date.

The House then took up the private calendar, and after considering a number of bills, without passing any, a motion to adjourn prevailed.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"How We Arrived in Japan."

The commencement of our intercourse with these isolated people was interesting in the extreme. It was upon the 13th of May, 1855, that we sighted the small island that lies a few miles outside of the half-sheltered harbor of Simoda, and almost at the same time we also discovered a square rigged vessel in its vicinity, which our glasses soon determined to be the Vincennes, the flag ship of our now reduced squadron.

We had parted company with her a few weeks back, and steered by different routes for the port that was now under our lee, and were meeting thus at its very mouth, without the remotest idea that we were within a hundred miles of each other. She stood on steadily into the anchorage, while we followed at a distance of some four or five miles. Finally she anchored, and as we ranged by her a half-hour later, at the astonishing rate of six knots, and answered the Commodore's hail as to the state of our health, etc., we noticed a White-Hall row-boat towing at her stern, and several strangers in European costume mixed among the officers, and assisting them to admire (!) the graceful outlines and killing pace of our poor old tub of a steamer.

As we rounded to and let go our anchor well in with the shore, we wondered what that clean-looking White-Hall boat was doing in Japan, and who those admiring strangers could be? and in regard to these two wonders our minds were soon set at rest.

Scarcely was the anchor down than they came alongside in the Vincennes's gig, and a barge load of Japanese officials boarding us at the same time, filled our hands as far as entertaining was concerned. We immediately took the combined party down into the ward-room, and began to find out who the former were, while the latter, with their usual prying policy, began at the same time to try and find out what we *wanted*, i. e. why we had visited their unfrequented shores?

Our "admiring strangers" proved to be Americans of the Nomadic stamp, who had lately arrived from the Sandwich Islands, with an assorted cargo destined to meet the wants of whaling vessels, and who, upon the discharging of their vessel, were to have reloaded her with Japanese goods and sent her to San Francisco, while they themselves remained in Japan with their embryo ship chandlery.

Their party numbered nine in all: Mr. and Mrs. Reed and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Doty, and Messrs. Edgerton, Bridleman, and Peabody. They were at present living in a temple on shore, and invited us to make their quarters our lounging place.

The manner in which they came into possession of this temple, in fact the only reason why they were allowed to land at all, is worthy of note, more especially as a very wrong conclusion is jumped at on page 454 of the otherwise rarely truthful work resulting from the labors of the squadron under Commodore M. C. Perry. Before noticing this wrong conclusion, I will make a simple statement of the manner in which they awoke one fine morning and found themselves temporary residents of Japan. Commodore Perry's treaty had *nothing whatever to do with it*.

Shortly previous to their arrival, the Russian frigate Diana had been seriously injured by an earthquake, while at anchor in the harbor of Simoda, and had subsequently foundered while being towed to the more protected port of Heyda for repairs, and her crew and officers being thus left upon the hands of the Japanese, the latter were forced to support them* until such time as an opportunity should present itself for transporting them away.

A large temple at Ka-ga Sa-kij was therefore placed at their disposal, which, subjected to a few alterations, made them a most comfortable residence, and they were still lounging through its roomy saloons and passages, when our admiring strangers arrived, and were to their surprise boarded by a Russian officer instead of a host of Japanese officials. Now these Russians had saved their small arms, etc., as well as their lives, when their frigate went down, and being several hundred in number, were a source of constant dread to their usually tyrannical, but now obsequious hosts, who no sooner saw the arrival of a vessel than they advocated the idea of *their taking passage in her away from Japan at once*.

As she was not large enough, however, to take them all at once, it was determined to let all of her passengers and cargo be landed, towards the simple end of obtaining more room in which to stow a greater number of the obnoxious Russians; and it was further determined that as long as their schooner was employed in the transportation of said Russians, they, the Americans, should have the free use of the temple, with and after the Russians, and be farther granted a house in which to store their cargo. Upon the return of their schooner after her last load, i. e. after she had done Japan the service to rid her of her unwelcome guests, they were to restow their cargo, and take themselves off with any Japanese goods which they might be able to sell them. And this is a correct account of the manner in which Americans first resided temporarily in Japan, although, as I have previously said, one would arrive at a far different conclusion from reading the following extract from page 454 of the work lately published. After quoting at considerable length from the New York Herald, in regard to late doings in Japan, the writer expresses himself as follows:

"It would appear, therefore, briefly to recapitulate, that our countrymen were permitted to land in Japan, were furnished with a house which was made comfortable for their residence, were permitted to store a part of the cargo of their vessel, were plentifully supplied with necessary food, were permitted to walk about the country, were not molested in their amusements, and were allowed to purchase a cargo from the Japanese and take it away. Now, not one of these things could any American have done but for the treaty made by Commodore Perry."

Now it is very evident to my mind that the above-mentioned treaty was not instrumental in the most remote degree in promoting either the landing or subsequent residence of our countrymen in Japan. In fact the Japanese themselves on the very next page say, "your present stay among us is found necessary, but it cannot in future be taken as an example, &c."

Is it not very plain that they were allowed to land and reside in the temple with the Russians, *simply* to enable their vessel to carry away a greater number of the latter, and not on account of our treaty? It would be ascribing an undue value to that already overrated instrument should the impression go abroad that it was anything but a simple wedge, entered with considerable tact, and yet requiring to be driven home before any results of any magnitude can follow. And now, in saying all this, I do not reflect in the slightest degree upon the gallant sailor and generous gentleman to whose sound common sense and well known perseverance of character we owe its existence. What I mean is this: The treaty grants much more than even the most sanguine mind had any reason to expect, and yet from the utter faithlessness of the Japanese themselves, many of its articles are rendered null and void. The Commodore will have to be sent back with a moderate force and full powers, and not with an overwhelming squadron, and his hands tied with government tape. But to return to our mess-room, where the Japanese, the Americans, a Russian officer, and ourselves were opening bottles of French punch.

This Russian had been left in charge of the temple, with several men, when his companions went to the more secluded port of Heyda* and was now almost as delighted to see us as were the Americans themselves. He spoke with great feeling of the kindness of the officers of the U. S. Steamer Powhatan to his shipwrecked companions, in giving them clothes and provisions, and finally became so affected by the combination of Russian gratitude and French punch, that he threw his arms around Hosgood, the master, declaring, in broken accents, that "he had never before seen such fine sailormen, and that we must come on shore to his house at once."

This specimen of fraternizing was not lost on the Japanese portion of the assembly, who, having drank at least double as much as any one else, were quite prepared to take advantage of any such demonstration to relax their sober countenances and assume a "hail-fellow-well-met" style of demeanor, more in keeping with the occasion. When they had first drawn up around the table (with the dignity of gentlemen, it must be confessed,) we had intimated by unmistakable signs, our desire to see their swords, of the beautiful polish and temper of which we had heard so much, and they had universally refused to draw them, expressing their surprise and wonder in horrified glances and mysterious shakings of the head; now, however, they readily gave them into our charge, making signs that they could not eat and drink with comfort while bothered with them, and pointing to the state-rooms as places of safety where they might be laid. Of course we went into those state-rooms, and with closed doors examined their beautiful workmanship and temper to our hearts' content.

"I'll tell you what it is!" said the Russian, as he watched with a reluctant gaze the rapid inroads which they made in the precious punch. "These fellows talk very smoothly now, and promise you everything you ask for, but wait until the time comes to fulfill their promises and see how they will act. The only way our Admiral could get along with them was by getting the men under arms, and threatening to march them upon Yeddo, whenever they promised without acting, and if you ever expect them to bring you half the provisions they have put on that list, your Commodore will have to do the same thing."

And he was right, for as long as we were in Japan we could never succeed in getting anything but a few eggs, now and then a tough chicken, and occasionally a quart or two of fresh beans. Rice, soya† and saki, were the only three articles they ever furnished in abundance.

* They feared the daily arrival at Simoda of one or more of the allied cruisers, that were known to be on the look-out for them, and retired to Heyda, leaving an outpost as it were at Simoda, to keep them informed as to passing events.

† A very fine fish sauce.

THE DOUBLE BLESSING.—We take the following amusing anecdote from the Rev. Mr. Smith's book entitled "Nine Years among the Convicts." In the New Hampshire State Prison, of which Mr. Smith was chaplain, was a Scotchman, who had been servant to a gentleman travelling in Europe in company with a gentleman who had a French servant. Of this Frenchman the Scotch prisoner told the following:

The following anecdote, (for the truth of which I cannot vouch, though for several reasons I think it genuine,) he related to me. In Corfu, on the Sabbath, the travellers were sitting together on the piazza of the hotel. Opposite was the cathedral. It was during the celebration of "high mass." The French servant came to his master and asked for some money, which was denied him. "Vell," said the Frenchman in bad English, "I sall 'ave ze money some how." He had noticed that the people on entering the cathedral opposite, deposited their offerings in a box placed near the door. As if a new thought struck him, rubbing his hands together he exclaimed, "Zat vill do, ze money vill be all ze better for being consecrated," and across the street he ran. Seeing no one near or looking on, he quickly forced off the top of the box, and soon filled one pocket, but just then the tinkling of a bell announced that the service had closed.

He had time only to replace the cover of the box, when out came the bishop and the priest, followed by the congregation. The Frenchman still clutching a handful of coin he had taken from the box, at once brought his face into a most sanctimonious form, and began to pray, dropping at each sentence a coin in the box. His *remarkable piety* and *liberality* at once attracted the attention of the reverend fathers, who looked on a moment, then coming up to him, the bishop laid his hands most kindly upon his head, and called down blessings upon him from the *Holy Trinity*, St. Peter, St. Paul, &c., &c. The Frenchman, as he dropped the last piece of coin in his hand, bowed with the most admirable grace, and expressed the most unbounded gratitude. Then walking quickly across the street to the travellers, who were writhing in their efforts to keep from outright laughter, exclaimed, "Tank heaven, tank heaven. Vy, I am doubly blessed. You hear ze blessing of *ze bishop*. *Zat was ver good, ver fine, ver rich; but sis*," slapping his hand on his well-filled pocket, "*sis much better! sis splendid! sis magnificent!*"

HOW WATCHES ARE MADE IN SWITZERLAND.—The rough part of the movement, called blanc, is made by water power, which costs a trifling sum. A number of young people have each their parts assigned to them; others put the plates and wheels together, and when a great number are ready, the master fills a couple of bags and loads the back of a mule. If he has not enough to counterbalance the weight, he puts on a couple of large cheese, and so he goes to the market in the village or small town, and offers his goods to little master watchmakers, called escapement makers and finishers, who complete the movement. These cottagers are almost all freeholders, and possess small plots of land attached to their houses, which they cultivate in the Summer, and in the Winter they shut themselves up with their families and work during the inclement season, with snow on the ground many feet deep, which last three or four months, and when fine weather again appears, the travellers buy the movements and case them in silver or gold. A family of six children will keep themselves respectably for the same expense as a single workman in London.

Not only do the children work, but the dog turns a wheel, and puts in motion a lathe or a pair of bellows. At Geneva, where everything is dearer than in the mountains, the labor is twenty-five per cent. higher. Consequently, in England, with heavy rent and taxes, and the dearness of the common necessaries, it is impossible to compete with the Swiss manufacturers.

MINERALS WE EAT.—"All know," says the Portland Transcript, "that many men have a great deal of brass in their composition, but perhaps all are not aware of the variety of minerals that enter into and form a part of the human system." A writer in Dickens's Household Words thus tells the story:

These minerals, which are interwoven with the living structure of the plant, are taken up into the fabric of the animal. And to us they are as important as to the meanest vegetable that grows. I, who write this, boast myself living flesh and blood. But lime strengthens my bones; iron flows in my blood; flint bristles in my hair; sulphur and phosphorous quiver in my flesh. In the human frame the rock moves, the metal flows, and the materials of the earth, snatched by the divine power of vitality, from the realms of inertia, live and move and form part of a soul-tenanted frame. In the very secret chamber of the brain there lies a gland, gritty with earthly mineral matter, which Descartes did not scruple, with a crude scientific impiety, to assign as the residence of the soul. You could no more have lived, and grown, and flourished without iron, and silicia, and potash, and sodium, and magnesia, than wheat could flourish without phosphorous, grass without silicia, cress without iodine, or clover without lime. We are all of us, indeed, of the earth, earthy.

* Their numbers rendered them formidable guests; hence entitled to respect.

† A small village opposite Simoda.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Heine, who recently deceased in Paris, filled a large space in Continental literature. He was a writer of marvellous wit, but not over strict in his morals.

In 1831, when the revolution of the preceding year had made Paris the most promising city to the political aspirants of the Continent, Heine visited the French metropolis, which thenceforward became his permanent residence. Here he wrote his "Salon," his "Romantische Schule" (Romantic School;) two collections of poems, respectively entitled "Neue Gedichte" and "Romanzen;" a book on Borne, which appeared in 1840; and the "Vermischt Schriften" (Miscellaneous Writings,) which he published in 1854. In the mean while the excessive freedom—political and religious—of his productions had rendered him an object of animadversion to the authorities of "fatherland;" and his writings, including not only those already published, but all that might be published in future, were proscribed by the German Diet in 1835.

Had the offences of Heine been confined to attacks on the German Governments and orthodox religion, he might still have held a high position among the chiefs of the ultra-Liberal party. But the manner in which he ridiculed Borne, who was an earnest laborer in the Republican cause, and an exile at Paris like himself, compromised him for ever with the democratic enthusiasts, and he thus found himself isolated altogether—scarcely less obnoxious to the Liberals than to the friends of Absolutism.

The wild pleasantries which are attributed to Rabelais on his deathbed are as nothing to the long deliberate scoff with which Heinrich Heine surveyed his own gradual descent into the grave. It was not that he blinded himself to the horrors of his situation; shut up as he was in the second story of a house in Paris, ultimately deprived of the sight of one eye, and scarcely having the use of the other, and finding in opium alone a solace to his pain, he actually loved to intensify the consciousness of his own agonies, mental and bodily, by minutely describing them; and then came the strange inward laugh, so often expressed before in mocking verse and epigrammatic prose.

A HYMN.

[Written for the recent centennial celebration at Bridgewater, Massachusetts.]

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Two hundred times has June renewed
Her roses, since the day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream, that strayed
Through pathless deserts then,
The calm, heroic women prayed,
And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
From hearts that faltered not,
And undissembling lips that spoke
The free and guileless thought.

They prayed, and thanked the Mighty One
Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them towards the setting sun,
Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them He made that desert place
A pleasant heritage;
The cradle of a free-born race,
From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set, a little vine,
Hath stretched its boughs afar
To distant hills and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields, these fields that smile
With Summer's early flowers;—
Oh, let their fearless scorn of guile
And love of truth be ours.

THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.—While we send sympathy and aid to the sufferers by these inundations, it were well if we could also impress on them, and other people exposed to the like calamities, that disaster from such a cause will always be now and then occurring, where human habitations are placed in certain situations with respect to rivers. Let it be observed, there is alongside of almost all rivers a flat meadow—called amongst us in Scotland a *haugh*—which is often assumed as building-ground, from the very fact of its being so near the course of the stream, particularly where the stream is navigable, or where a bridge causes confluence of people, or from whatever other cause. Such are the sites of many of our principal British cities, or parts of them, London not excepted, where Southwark and Westminster are almost wholly on that sort of ground. Now, it is a mere tempting of Providence—a solecism—to build on such ground, and simply because it is part of the very river-channel itself. It is the Winter or flood course of the river, and absolutely the product of its various inundations in the course of ages. The river every now and then rises under flood, so as to cover that ground, unless artificially confined within its usual channel. Then it is we hear of its filling streets up to the first floor, drowning cellars and kitchens, pressing back sewerage-water into houses, sweeping away walls, cottages, &c., and burying gardens under mud and rubbish. The fair, but injudiciously placed city of Perth, undergoes woes of this kind once every few years, and will ever do so while so much of it lies on the haugh of Tay. Many pleasant towns in France are likewise so situated, and hence the late troubles, which form but an example of what is every now and then experienced in that quarter. The only way wholly to avoid such evils is to build towns on the second platform of ground bordering rivers, and never on the first; or, if they are already on the first platform, and cannot be removed, then an artificial embankment or *levee* may be available. If neither of these expedients is resorted to, let no one be so foolish as to complain of the damage produced by inundations, for occasional inundations are only what he may reasonably expect.

SWEDISH LADIES.—The ladies' toilettes were charming (says a recent traveller in Sweden,) and there were many among the fair Swedes who well sustained the reputation of being beautiful; still, judging from this assembly—a good criterion—we did not think the female aristocracy, as a class, so handsome or so pretty as the lower order of Swedish women. In the manner and bearing of the Swedish lady, however, there is nothing wanting; she is what the French call *si gracieuse*—that mingling of kindliness with grace which produces fascination. The nobleman of Sweden, too, will vie with him of any other nation in all those attributes which constitute the gentleman; he is chivalrous in feeling, has an acute perception of the honorable, possesses suavity of manner and dignity of deportment, is always accomplished, and generally well read. The Swedish aristocracy are often good linguists, and many of them converse with facility in several modern languages. On one occasion, at a dinner party of fourteen—my friend and self being the only two foreigners present—the conversation was kept up in English, in which, if I remember correctly, all, or nearly all, the persons present joined, ladies, as well as gentlemen.

A WAY TO REMEMBER.

Most self-educated men, who for the most part have to win their bread and their information together, feel that the pressing and material business of life has a tendency to interfere with the memory of the scientific facts or of the philosophical truths which, in the intervals of leisure, they have been at pains to acquire. Now, there are many every-day familiar things, which, by any one sincerely in earnest, may be made powerful helps to the memory, and to habits of reflection, through the association of ideas. It may be useful to illustrate this position by a few examples.

There are few readers who have travelled by any sort of carriage, who could have failed to remark the appearances of motion impressed upon the landscape. These are due, not to the landscape, but to the carriage. Such simple phenomena are easy of association with the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun; they read many lessons to us on the difference between real and apparent motion.

Among the highest truth in nature, is the now confessed universality of motion. The fixed stars are no longer fixed in the ordinary sense, and the belief of thousands of years that they were absolutely fixed, is now proved to have arisen from an illusion of the senses. All are now conceded to be moving around each other with marvellous velocity; though, from the distance, the motion appears to us to be remarkably slow. The sun himself has his circuit of travel, measured by ages. In the words of a modern astronomer, "mutation and change are every where found; all is in motion; orbits expanding or contracting, their planes rocking up or down, their perihelia and nodes sweeping in opposite directions round the sun." It is well that we are likewise told, that "the limits of all these changes are fixed; that these limits can never be passed, and that at the end of a vast period, amounting to many millions of years, the entire range of fluctuation will have been accomplished, the entire system, planets, orbits, inclinations, eccentricities, perihelia, and nodes, will have regained their original values and places, and the great bell of eternity will have then sounded One!"

Now among many things which we have not mentioned, but which are nevertheless involved in the above statement, there are not a few that are extremely difficult to be remembered, but which it would be serviceable to retain in memory by the aid of familiar associations. Recurring again to the phenomena of travel; (for earth is to man none other than a magnificent chariot wherein he rides around that great central luminary, the sun, in the midst of planetary systems without end;) we may again refer to the apparent motion of the objects through which the passenger on the railway progresses. While passing in a direct line through a forest of trees, those trees towards which he is moving will appear to open out or separate from each other, while those left behind will appear to close up. Now this same opening-out, and this same closing-up, are actually the criteria employed to determine the astronomer touching the direction in which man on this earth is travelling through the starry forest in the skies. Borne along by the movement of the sun, the astronomer accordingly seeks a point in the heavens where the stars appear to be increasing their mutual distances. Finding this point, he next looks behind him in the opposite direction, and there perceiving the stars to close up on each other, he concludes that he has found the direction in which he is moving. In this manner it was, in fact, that Herschel determined that the solar system is travelling through space towards a point in the constellation Hercules. Now, many minds acting on this simple association, like the actor who receives the cue of a word or two from the prompter and then remembers his whole part, may, from the mere force of such a system, remember the whole of the discoveries of Argelander and Maedler. The sun, with its planets, will be seen sweeping towards the north pole of the heavens—in fact, towards a star in the constellation Hercules—with a velocity which cause it to pass over a distance equal to thirty-three millions three hundred and fifty thousand miles every year. The star, Alcyone, will be recalled as the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now supposed to occupy the centre of gravity, and to be at present the sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving; the light from Alcyone requiring a period of five hundred and thirty-seven years to traverse the distance of the sun, from the central orb about which he performs his mighty revolutions; and the enormous term of eighteen million two hundred thousand years being required to be accomplished, if we may rely on the angular motion of the sun and system, as already determined, before the solar orb, with all its planets, satellites and comets will have completed one revolution around its grand centre.

Still keeping to the incidents of travel, and the phenomenon of forest trees. Who has not observed, while journeying along a railway, how the trees of a forest apparently whirl around each other—an appearance produced by the rapid speed of the carriage? This incident, familiar as it is, may serve to raise habitually in the mind the notion of the parallax of the fixed stars. Parallax is the apparent change in the place of an object, occasioned by the real change in the place of the spectator. Since the parallactic motion of the forest trees becomes less and less perceptible as the velocity of the travelling beholder diminishes, or as the distance of the seemingly moving object becomes greater, it is evident that to measure the distance of the fixed stars is equivalent to determining the amount of the parallactic change in their relative positions, occasioned by the actual change in the relative positions from which they may be viewed by a spectator on the earth's surface. The spectator will, on the prompting of this remarkable suggestion, probably remember that when the orbital motion of the earth was first propounded by Copernicus, and it was asserted to revolve in an ellipse of nearly six hundred million miles in circumference, and with a motion so swift that it passed over no less than sixty-eight thousand miles in every hour of time, the opponents of the great philosopher exclaimed, that this doctrine could not be true; "for," said they, "if we are sweeping around the sun in this vast orbit, and with this amazing velocity, then ought the fixed stars to whirl round each other, as do the forest trees to the traveller flying swiftly by them." To the unassisted eye this, which was the case in fact, did not appear; and the Copernicans were without a satisfactory reply. They could only venture a suggestion that, owing perhaps to the enormous distance of the fixed stars, no perceptible change was operated by the revolution of the earth in its orbit; to other words, that the pole of the heavens revolved in a curve of two hundred million miles in diameter, but that such was the distance of the spheres of the fixed stars, that this curve was reduced to an invisible point. After a contest of three hundred years' duration, the truth uttered by Copernicus, but not sufficiently illustrated, is at length indisputably established.

Sometimes things of a grosser sort will serve to make those of a finer quality not only more appreciable, but more intelligible. Questions in regard to the subtle essence, Light, are difficult because of their fineness; but it has been found possible to make them clear by resembling the subjects they regard to tangible objects, such as gun-boats, and rifle-balls, and gun-barrels. One of the last-named articles is supposed to be placed on a moving boat, and it is proposed so to direct a rifle on shore as to fire a ball down the said barrel. Now, let the two rifles be on the same exact level, and the axes of the barrels be made precisely to coincide—would the ball from the one pass down the other, in case the fixed one were fired at the exact instant the muzzles came *precisely* opposite to each other? The uninstructed would be apt to answer yes; not because the scientific reply confidently, No. It is necessary that the fixed rifle should be fixed before the moving one comes opposite, and the rifleman must make an allowance for the time the ball requires to move from the one gun to the other, and also for the velocity with which the moving piece is descending the stream. In order that the ball from the shore may be caused to enter the muzzle of the moving rifle, this computation must be accurately made. But further conditions have also to be considered. For instance, it must be recollected that while the ball is progressing down the barrel, the barrel itself is progressing down the tide, and that, in order to avoid the pressure of the ball against the upper side of the barrel, the latter must be fixed in an inclined position, and that the bottom of the barrel must be as far up the stream as it will descend by the boat's motion during the progress of the ball down the barrel; in fine, that the direction in which the barrel of the rifle which should receive the ball must be placed, is determined both by the velocity of the ball, and the velocity of the boat which bears the rifle.

But what has this very material parable to do with the theory and properties of light? First of all, we liken the particles of light that are shot from the fixed stars to the balls that are shot from the fixed rifle. The gun-barrel on the moving boat represents the tube of the star-gazer, and the boat represents the earth which bears him while itself sweeping around in its orbit. Down the axis of that tube the particles of light, like the aforesaid rifle-balls, must pass, in order to reach the eye of the observer. As the velocity of the earth's motion has been ascertained, and as the amount by which the telescope must be inclined, to cause the light to enter, has been determined, the velocity of the light itself becomes known from these two data; and thus the previously determined value of this incredible velocity is satisfactorily confirmed. For the rest, the reality of the earth's motion is absolutely necessary, to render the phenomena at all explicable. Such an illustration may serve to explain to the grossest understanding how it is that, owing to the progressive motion of light, and the revolution of the earth in its orbit, the celestial bodies cannot occupy in the heavens the places which they appear to fill. The particles of light from Jupiter take nearly forty minutes in passing from the planet to the observer's eye. Meanwhile, the earth has progressed it its orbit some thirty-seven thousand miles, and the spectator borne along with it must see the planet, not where it actually is, but where it was in appearance some forty minutes before. The same effect in kind is produced on the places of the fixed stars, and is called aberration. To bring all this to mind with clearness and precision, it needs only to think of the gun-boat, the rifle-barrel, and the rifle-ball.

EFFECT OF COLOR UPON HEALTH.—From several years' observation in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms, and occupied by females for twelve hours per day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's rays penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted from one side only, or rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz., that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could affect the one room more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the cheerful workers was wholly whitewashed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with *yellow ochre*. I had the yellow ochre washed off, and the walls and ceiling whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery, I extended my observations to a number of smaller rooms and parrets, and found, without one exception, that the occupiers of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of the yellow or buff-colored rooms; and wherever I succeeded in inducing the occupiers of the yellow rooms to change the color for whitewash, I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers.—*Correspondent of The Builder*.

COMPOSITION OF HUMAN MILK.—From eighty-nine analyses of milk from women of varying ages from fifteen to twenty-five years, Bequerel and Vernois obtained—water 889 08; sugar, 43 64; casein, 39 24; butter, 26 66; salt, 1.38. Total, 1,000. The milk of young women from fifteen to twenty years of age contained more solid constituents than that of those from thirty to forty years. The milk of women with dark hair was found to be richer than that of those having light hair. When fed on spare diet, the milk of women becomes watery and deficient in casein and butter.

The Uncertainty of Earthly Things.

We build with years of toil and care
The fabric of our manhood's home,
And the winged lightning shatters there
Its labored walls and lofty dome.

We mould a goblet, and we dip
From crystal wells the wine of mirth,
When as we raise it to our lip,
Lo! it lies shattered on the earth.

We are as travellers who would climb
Some dazzling track of Alpine snow,
Which in the sunniest summer time
Hideth the yawning gulf below.

A darkness shrouds our journeying band;
We feel the treacherous footing glide;
Our comrade's pressure quits our hand;
We turn—he's missing from our side.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.—The majority of the dresses made up within the last week are destined for ball and evening costume. Among them are several composed of plain white and colored silk. One of the latter consists of a dress of pink Italian taffety, the skirt having nine narrow flounces pinked in small scallops at the edges. The corsage is shaped in a very long point in front, and round the waist there is a narrow flounce forming a basque. The berthe is composed of bias folds of taffety, finished by a pinked frill. The sleeves consist of one small puff and a frill. The coiffure worn with this dress is composed of pink ribbon, bows of which intermingle with the plaits of hair at the back of the head. A bouquet of roses is placed in front of the berthe. Gauze, tulle, and lace are very generally adopted for ball-dresses, especially those intended for young ladies. We have seen a dress of pink gauze worn over silk of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with six flounces set on in fluted plaits, each headed by a ruche of sarsenet ribbon of the same hue as the dress, and scalloped at the edges. The corsage has a berthe trimmed with fluted frills and ruches of ribbon, and the sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Of the various fabrics now employed for out-door dresses, none enjoy greater favor, during the present warm weather, than pointed muslin and barege. There is not only a greater diversity in the patterns of these materials, but the designs are more beautiful and the colors richer than at any previous season. The barege dresses, having the skirts flounced, and the flounces ornamented with a different pattern from that on the rest of the dress, are, in general, most beautiful.

Silk dresses are rarely made without flounces, the number of which may vary according to taste. Two or three broad flounces are a favorite style, but frequently a greater number are adopted. A fashionable dressmaker has just completed an out door dress of silver-gray silk, with six flounces, each bordered by a number of narrow stripes in Pompona green.

The advent of summer has brought into favor small mantelets of black guipure, edged with very broad black fringe. A new style of mantelet, suitable for bridal costume, consists of white net, covered with rows of white fringe about an inch in width, each row being headed by a quilling of narrow satin ribbon. Mantelets of this description are made in colored net—for instance, gray and blue—and they are trimmed with rows of fringe and ribbon of the same color as the net. These mantelets are suitable for wedding *dejeuners*, morning parties, flower shows, &c.—*London Lady's Newspaper of July 5th.*

GREAT MEN EVER YOUNG.—Lord Melbourne went one night to a minor theatre, in company with two ladies and a fashionable young fellow about town—a sort of man not easy to be pleased. The performance was dull and trashy enough, I dare say. The next day Lord Melbourne called upon the ladies. The fashionable young gentleman had been there before his lordship, and had been complaining of the dreadfully dull evening they had all passed. The ladies mentioned this to Lord Melbourne. "Not pleased! not pleased! Confound the man! Didn't he see the fishmongers shops and the gaslights flashing from the lobsters' back, as we drove along! wasn't that happiness enough for him?" Lord Melbourne had then ceased to be Prime Minister; but you see he had not ceased to take pleasure in any little thing that could give it. Great men are ever young. Indeed I do not know whether that would not form the best definition of them.—*Mr. Arthur Helps, in Fraser.*

DESCENDANTS OF BRUCE AND WALLACE.—Robert Bruce left an only son, who reigned in Scotland as David II., and a daughter, Margery, who married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland. On the death of David, without issue, the Scottish throne was occupied by Robert II., son of Lady Margery and Walter the Steward. From him the crown descended regularly by inheritance until it came to our James I., the family being called Steward, or Stuart, from the office above named. The present representative of the Stuarts, and also of Bruce, is our Gracious Sovereign Victoria. There are, of course, many collateral relations, but Her Majesty is the true and lineal descendant of the Royal house. The Pretender's family ended in an illegitimate child. We are not acquainted with any descendants of Wallace; indeed, there appears no mention in ordinary histories of his having had children.—*English Journal.*

THE LAW OF SLOPES.—The following is worthy of being stored in the memory:—In France the high roads must not exceed 4 deg. 48 min. by law; in England 4 deg., or one foot rise in thirty-five. A slope of 15 deg. is extremely steep and one down which one cannot descend in a carriage. A slope of 37 deg. is almost inaccessible on foot, if the bottom be a naked rock or a turf too thick to form steps. The body falls backwards when the tibia makes a smaller angle than 43 deg. with the sole of the foot—42 deg. being the steepest slope that can be climbed on foot in a ground that is sandy. When the slope is 44 deg. it is almost impossible to scale it, though the ground permits the forming of steps by thrusting in the feet. A slope of 55 deg. to man is quite inaccessible.

CONVEXITY OF THE EARTH.—The earth being round like a ball, it follows that a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much further, its form will prevent us from seeing objects even if its surface were perfectly smooth. It has been calculated that at six hundred yards an object one inch high cannot be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at one thousand four hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet; so at that distance a man would be invisible. In levelling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.

BLUE DEVILS.—In an article in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* on Baron Feuchtersleben's *Principles of Medical Psychology*, showing how the mind is influenced by a mechanical calling, there is this curious sentence: "Roach and Esquirol affirm from observation that indigo-dyers become melancholy; and those who dye scarlet, choleric. Their observation regarding indigo-dyers affords a strong confirmation of the statement of that arch quack, Paracelsus, who declared blue to be injurious." This would seem to suggest that our phrase, "the blue devils," may derive its origin from a scientific fact.

THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—The barometer, it has been recently discovered, rises and falls twice every day regularly. It falls lowest at 45 minutes past 3 o'clock, A. M., and 5 minutes past 4 P. M. It rises to its greatest height at 37 minutes past 9 A. M., and at 11 minutes past 11, P. M. The cause of these barometrical oscillations has not yet been discovered.

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA.

FROM THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Strike! but first hear! These cannot be our friends
Who strive to make two kindred nations foes;
They only seek to gain their selfish ends,
While we, like blinded madmen, are at blows;
Such Homer drew—"Bold at the council board,
But, cautious in the field, they shunned the sword."

Whom have we harmed? in what are we to blame?
Where have we played a base, unmanly part?
Bring to the light of day our deed of shame,
One act to alienate a single heart.
You will not, cannot. Oh, then, put aside
Anger, and threat, and boast, and sinful pride.

Let loose Red War! stain our white shores with gore,
Lay cities waste, and stop the tide of trade,—
Our quarrel will be where it was before;
For battle cannot reason nor persuade.
None doubt your courage—none dare doubt our own;
But since we wrestled both have stronger grown.

Though we shun bloodshed it is not through fear:
Ten thousand watch-dogs round our island lie—
Eager, if once unloosed, to rend and tear,
And ready in our country's cause to die:
The battle-field we never yet did dread,
Our greatest grief is numbering up our dead.

The vacant chair still stands beside the fire;
Our new-made graves are scarcely hid with green;
Our tears still flow for brother, son, and sire;
Our mourning-robes in every street are seen:
Our sorrow is so great it quells our pride—
Push not the hand that hides such grief aside.

Push not the hand that hides our grief aside,
America, but to take it in thine own;
To both alike belong the brave who've died;
Th' Atlantic billows carry the same moan
From us and thee—sighs mingle with their roar
For those who sleep on the Crimean shore.

Your blood is ours—though severed we are one;
Your dead and ours sleep in the self-same grave;
Our children to your peaceful shores have gone,
And 'neath the roof o'er which the old trees wave
Have left their parents sitting in the shade,
Where Young America in childhood played.

You cannot strike a blow you will not feel
Deep-gushing through your own most vital part,
Nor we return the stab with fire or steel
Without the life-blood ebbing from our heart:
Though son or sire, through husband or through brother,
We both should wound wife, sister, daughter, mother

Send this one home—let that one outward go;
Then change again—we both have other sons;
Let's try them all: 'tis better to do so,
Than thunder at each other with our guns.
Tongues would tire out—the wordy war would cease;
And while we chided there would still be peace.

Meantime, those who but wait upon the hour,
Nor care for aught save to prolong their sway—
Who on the blood we shed float into power—
Like snow before the sun would melt away;
And better men fill up the troubled space
Which heartless traitors left in deep disgrace.

Oh why should pride and love of vain parade,
Opinion obstinate that will not bend,
All that still thrown around us in Cold Shade,
And against which our heart is to contend,
Step in between us? Why admit the foe
Which if united we should overthrow?

Heralds of Peace, step in! ye Women brave!
Ministering angels who on man attend,
Who, strong in virtue, only arm to save!
In War or Peace alike man's firmest friend,
Step in and whisper "Peace,"—and your bright form
Will be the rainbow of the threatening storm.

Think of the ties by which we both are bound,
The peaceful dead that to us both belong;
The living links we on each shore have found;
And you will pause ere doing grievous wrong;
Will leave us to enjoy unbroken sleep
Within those homes that bridge the mighty deep.

Scarce have our beauties faded on the night,
Our peaceful bells scarce died upon the breeze,
Our eyes recovered from War's angry light.
No wonder, then, we seek some little ease;
Are in no mood to quarrel with a brother;
So hear what would be insult from another.

Let the Old Lion sleep within his den,
Leave him a few brief hours to gain his breath;
Full soon enough he'll wake, no fear. And then
Alike to him come battle, fire, and death;
And if he falls, beside his glorious bed
Freedom will sit a Mourner for the dead!

THOMAS MILLER.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Who would ever have thought you would have made such a good little farmer?" said Miss Elizabeth one day to Theodora, as the latter came in from the field.

"Why?" inquired that young woman, smiling.

"Why, of course, because you never seemed to take the slightest interest in it."

"Until I was forced to do so?"

"Forced, my dear?"

"Well, impelled by a sense of duty. Dear Basil was very—yes, was even—excessively kind to me. The least and *all* I can do for him now is, to supply his place as well as I can, to those he has left behind," said Theodora, with tears, born of a strange compunction in her heart; "strange," for Theodora had really nothing to reproach herself with upon Basil's account.

"Well, my dear, that may be all very natural. I am not surprised at *that*, but at the *interest* you take in everything."

"The interest, Miss Elizabeth, has grown upon me. Hitherto I have been a dreamer, and only loved nature in her finished and beautiful effects; but I did not know, and therefore did not love her in her laboratory; but now, that I know and help her in her work; now, that I co-operate with her, I love and venerate her more than ever."

Miss Elizabeth perhaps did not fully appreciate this sentiment; at all events, her next words were not a reply.

"That drought was a great draw-back to us all."

"Oh! well, sometimes it is necessary to *draw back* to get impetus for a vigorous, fresh start," said Theodora, smiling. Then she added seriously, "now, whenever I think of that drought, and its effects upon all grades of society, I am deeply impressed with the relations of 'mother earth,' to us, her children. As sure as the Lord is the Father of the whole human family, the beautiful earth is our nursing mother, and when her bosom is dry, we, her children, starve. But we need not fear such a misfortune now; for this season promises to be one of unprecedented fruitfulness. All this I have found out while trying to supply dear Basil's place to his mother and her household as well as I can."

"As well as you can! my dear, things never went on so well and orderly and prosperously before; no, not even in the old lady's best days, and with her best exertions."

"Ah, well! if it be so, it is mostly owing to the great improvement in agriculture, and agricultural tools of these latter days. And my easy success is mostly owing to—to—"

"Well, child, to what?"

"To the alterations and improvements a friend made here two years since."

"Mr. Austin Malmaison? I know; he had the barn remodelled, and sent home a number of curious looking machines."

"Yes, labor saving machines, any one of which stand us instead of half a dozen men and horses, and so enable us to apply our resources to other needs of the farm."

"*Us*, child, why don't you say *me*, for you are singly the manager of the place."

"No—*us*! Don't you do all the housekeeping, while I do the farming, Miss Elizabeth?—and is not the old lady the proper head of the establishment? *Us*—certainly, us—I should die of solitude if compelled to say *me*."

Miss Elizabeth understood as little of this sentiment as of any of the preceding speeches, and I fear that after all, in many things, Theodora was compelled to say "I" and "me" instead of "we" and "us." In nearly all her dearest thoughts and feelings, she was alone. It was very well that she indulged no morbid cravings after "sympathy," which it was impossible in her circumstances to receive. Even her best and wisest measures on the farm were treated with distrust by the family, and with contempt by the neighbors; yet the former had no other chance than to risk their welfare in her hands, even while the latter shrugged their shoulders, called her a visionary, inexperienced girl, and prophecied the speedy and final ruin of the family. It remained for time to prove Theodora's worth. Inexperienced, indeed, she was, yet that very inexperience was not without its advantages; for if it left her without precedents, it left her also without the prejudices of custom hardened and begotted conservatives, so that her quick intelligent mind found no obstacle to oppose to the reception of new and enlightening ideas upon the subject to which she wished to devote herself.

When her grain was ripe for the harvest, and was found to be the finest in the county, the tone of the neighborhood sentiment, as far as she was concerned, was in some degree changed for the better, and though some were still found who refused her any credit, and ascribed her good fortune to chance, by the repetition of the old adage—"A fool for luck," yet others graciously acknowledged that the little farmeress had done very well so far, if she should not yet, by some new fangled whim and fatal experiment, spoil all. But Theodora did *not* spoil all. The crop was secured and afterwards sold. And by its sale Theodora proved herself as clever in financiering as in farming.

"That is a wonderful little woman, that pretty little farmeress of Red Ridge," said one of her neighbors, who could not understand the metamorphosis of the miniature painter of Mount Storm into the scientific and successful agriculturist of Red Ridge, because they would not or could not perceive that intellect is a power not of *partial* but of *general* use, to be directed to the right or left, to literature, art, science, agriculture, trade, government, or any other branch of human effort and triumph by the mere decision of the will.

Intellect is originally a pure central power, unalloyed with prejudices and unbiassed by circumstances. If, in the course of its development, it turn decidedly to one pursuit in preference, it is only because some affection within the heart has inspired it, while some corresponding object without has attracted it. Had Sir Humphrey Davy given his sole attention to politics, he would probably have attained as great eminence in *political* as he certainly did in *natural* science. Milton excelled in theology and moral philosophy, and would still have been celebrated in his prose works even had he never written his great poem. The late Dr. W———, the most eloquent and graphic thought-painter of the age, had he devoted himself to art instead of oratory, would have left instead of immortal words immortal works.

But we are wandering too far from our little painter turned farmer. A holy sense of duty inspired all her actions, and in the new and real interest she found in her work, and in its beneficial effects upon the comfort and happiness of those dependent upon her she found her consolation. Yet was not Theodora fully happy. That "Virtue is its own reward" is not true, and it need not take one half a life time to find out that if it were true—if virtue—I use the word in its old classic sense of *heroic goodness*—if virtue were its own reward, then all the world would be virtuous on the spot—(poor human nature asks no better than to be happy)—and there would be little merit in it, and no more work for the preachers of the pen and the pulpit to do. Virtue—heroic goodness—is not by any means "its own reward," and to say that it is, and to endeavor to win inexperienced people to duty by such an axiom is a downright attempt at swindling, an effort to obtain goods under false pretences. Virtue is beautiful and is glorious, as self-renunciation is glorious, as consecration to God is glorious, as martyrdom is glorious; but it is with a glory often full of earthly pain, even of mortal agony; it is the glory of Gethsemane and of Calvary, the glory of the bloody sweat, the crown of thorns, the scourge, the spear, the cross—the sepulchre;—and God—God! is its exceeding great, only satisfying, all sufficient reward!

But again we leave the humble fortunes of the little girl, who had only her young heart, with all its lovely aspirations and affections, to lay upon the altar of duty. That sensitive heart could not but feel the sacrificial steel and fire. She did not find virtue its own reward; and only by often turning to the Lord, did she find warmth and strength for her duty. She was always interested in her work, always busy and always cheerful, yet never happy, never even content; ever there was a great void in the heart, never to be filled; a mighty hunger of the heart, never to be satisfied; a deep wailing of the heart, heard through all the business and the clamor of the day. And in the evening, in her own room, with the world shut out, came haunting dreams of the past, bitter-sweet, and which, reversed, became strange, vague hopes for the future, repelled as soon as recognised, yet oft returning, to be as oft repulsed. And where was Vivia all this time? Theodora had not heard from her, or any member of her party, since the evening of the death of Basil. That circumstance in itself, however regretted, was not a subject of anxiety, as the last letters of Wakefield Brunton had warned all their friends not to expect letters from them while travelling in Asia and Africa. But now nearly two years had elapsed since they had past into Asia, and in that time, if their departure was not an utter desertion of their friends, they must have found opportunities of writing and transmitting letters. Probably they had done so, though there must have been too many risks in the journey of a letter from the interior of Asia to the interior of America to permit it, except by the merest chance, to come to hand. Thus it was not the failure of letters, but the long continued absence of Vivia that disturbed Theodora. It was now full time that she should be on her return.

It was in the wane of the second Autumn since Vivia went away that another event occurred, bearing upon the fate of Theodora.

One morning in November, Miss Elizabeth failed to make her appearance at the breakfast-table. Theodora missing her, and having no messenger to dispatch, went herself to ascertain the cause of Miss Elizabeth's absence. She found that gentle creature still covered up in her bed.

"Are you not well, aunt?" inquired Theodora.

"No, my dear, I woke with a chill this morning, and now I have a fever."

"Dear Miss Elizabeth, why did you not rap on the floor, to bring me up to do something for you. I am so sorry, I had not the slightest reason, until I missed you, to think that you were indisposed."

"Dear child, I knew you had enough on your little hands, without having to wait on me," said the meek sufferer.

Theodora laid her hand upon the burning brow and felt the throbbing pulse.

SNOWY MOUNTAIN UNDER THE EQUATOR.

"You have a high fever. Are you suffering in other respects?"

"I have some headache, and pain in the side."

"Some"—it was only necessary to look in her face to see how much pain she patiently endured.

Theodora stooped and pressed her lips to that beating brow, and saying,

"I will be back in another instant;" fluttered down the stairs, and despatched Jim on horseback to Eyrie for a physician; then mad a cup of tea and carried it up to the invalid.

When the doctor arrived—two or three hours later in the day—he found her illness to be a severe attack of pneumonia. Miss Elizabeth's disease soon ran its course—it was short and fatal. In eight days from the commencement of her illness, it became evident to all that recovery was impossible. The day preceding her death, Theodora, on entering the sick room, found her in tears.

"Come here, my dear," she murmured, faintly; "I wish to talk to you."

Theodora drew a chair to the side of the bed, and sent affectionately to catch her words. But Miss Elizabeth had covered her face with both wasted hands, to conceal the tears that nevertheless found their way between her thin fingers.

"My poor child," she began, sobbing, "I am about to do what will seem a very ungrateful, cruel thing, to you"—and her voice broke down entirely.

Theodora, full of surprise and conjecture, poured out a restorative from a vial into a glass that stood upon the stand near the bedstead, and slipping her arm under the shoulders of the fainting woman, raised her and placed the cordial to her lips. When the sufferer had drank it, Theodora gently replaced her head on the pillow, put away the glass, and resuming her seat prepared to listen.

"Yes—a very unkind, ungrateful, cruel thing, to you who have been so devoted to our family—"

"But it is impossible you should do anything of the sort, Miss Elizabeth. Whatever you do, it cannot even be unkind."

"Ah! my dear, you have not heard! I wish, Theodora, before I die, to manumit Jim and his brother, poor fellows."

"Do it, Miss Elizabeth! do it now."

"Ah! but my child, that act would deprive you of your only dependance, your only farm laborers."

"Oh no it would not, Miss Elizabeth," said Theodora, eagerly; "they would not leave the farm; I should hire them, and they would work with greater zeal, and also support themselves—their wages would cost me no more than their support does now; so we should not lose, even if we did not gain by the exchange. Manumit them, Miss Elizabeth, I cordially approve the act."

"God bless you, child. Send, now, for a lawyer."

Theodora stooped and kissed the brow of the dying woman, and went to do the errand.

On the afternoon of the same day, the work of manumission was completed. And the next morning at four o'clock, Miss Elizabeth peacefully expired.

When the business of the funeral was over, and the house was restored to order and quiet, Theodora summoned the newly manumitted servants to her presence, informed them of their good fortune, and placed the deeds of manumission, which had been duly recorded and returned, in their hands.

This was so sudden and so unexpected that the boys received the news of their freedom with as much dismay as joy.

"And what mus' we-dem do now, Miss Teodory," inquired Jim, from the depths of his perplexity.

"Nothing just now. Get used to the idea that you are free, and at the end of a week I will talk with you again."

"But *where* must we go, Miss Teodory?"

"Why to your usual quarters on the farm, and to work as usual for a week, at the end of which time I will send for you again." The boys bowed and turned away. "Stop!" said Theodora; and as they paused, "Take care of those free papers," she said, "for they are the most precious things you ever handled."

Theodora had very little doubt that the boys would be willing to remain with her at the fair wages which she intended to offer; nevertheless she waited with some anxiety for the end of the week's delay she had herself proposed.

When the day arrived she summoned the boys to her presence.

"Well, Jim, have you and Tom got accustomed to looking upon yourselves as your own masters?" she inquired with a smile as they entered.

"Please, Miss Teodory, we ain't got no 'own masters' *now*, have we?"

"No, of course not, except your 'own' selves."

"But we don't want *dem*, nuther. Long as we *free* we wants to *be* free."

"Very well, Jim," said the young lady, smiling again at the observation; "if you are free from the masterdom of self, so much the better. I have now to ask you if you have decided upon any course for the future."

"Ma'am?"

"What do you intend to do now that you are free?"

"Why, you see, Miss Teodory, what would you 'vise us to do?"

"Jim, I have a proposal to make to you—that you and your brother remain with me. I will pay you the same wages that the hired farm laborers in this neighborhood receive, and you shall occupy the same cabins you have now, and receive the same rations, but will clothe yourselves. What do you say to that? Come, take time to think about it."

Jim's countenance suddenly fell, and his chin dropped upon his breast. It was a bad sign, and Theodora felt uneasy, but refrained from hurrying him. At length the boy spoke.

"We'll stay long 's you, if you want us, Miss Teodory, in course."

But this was said in a tone expressive of so much disappointment, and even sorrow, that Theodora hastened to say,

"Nay, I only make you an *offer*, boys, preferring you, who have been here all your lives, to strangers; and thinking besides that as you have still to work for a living, you may prefer to work for a mistress that you know rather than to seek farther."

Still Jim held down his head and twirled his hat.

"But I see," continued the young lady, "that I have not made sufficient allowance for that love of *novelty* natural to all youth, and especially natural to those who have led isolated and monotonous lives." As, in addition to his other unexpressed reasons of embarrassment, Jim understood but little of this speech, he remained silent, hanging his head.

"Therefore," Theodora went on, "you must not think, boys, that I wish to detain you here against your will."

"Miss Teodory, we likes and 'spects de very groun' you walk on. But—"

"—Well, what? Tell me all your mind."

"Me an' Tom *was* thinking how we 'ould like to go and seek our fortune—but—"

"—And you would not like to be disappointed! I can understand that. Well, boys, go; and if you should not find a better fortune than you have left, come back; you will find the old farm in the same place."

This, then, was the end of that affair. The brothers went to seek their fortune in the term incognita of their dreams—the world beyond their mountains. Theodora would not allow them to go forth empty-handed, but gave each a present to save him from want until he should find work.

"It is so natural they should wish to go—they may come back by-and-by. In the meantime I must supply their places with other laborers."

Again had Theodora's inexperience misled her—mistaken first in the supposition that the boys, in their newfledged freedom, would be willing to remain upon the old farm of which they were heartily tired, she was mistaken secondly in the idea that their loss could be easily supplied. There was a great scarcity of hired laborers. The native poor of the place were few in number, and were constantly thinned out by emigration to the Western States, where manual labor did not involve a loss of caste, (I had nearly said of character); and the valley was too far inland and too obscure for the tide of foreign immigration to reach it. Thus the season was far advanced before the young farmeress succeeded in securing the services of two very inefficient sons of Erin, who had strayed into the neighborhood, and whose inexperience and misapprehensions were a constant source of misfortune. Thus her land was for this season badly prepared, and her seed-grain badly sowed; consequently the crops were very unpromising, and those who passed by remarked—

"Our little farmeress is not this year doing very well."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAY-FLOWERS.

I have won a garden from Elf-land,
Where feathery fern-leaves wave,
And a flower, named but by the fairy-folk,
Lifts up its lances brave—

Its crimson lances, all crystal clear,
Plumed with a sea-green crown,
And another that bears on an ivory stalk
Gray tufts of silvery down.

Here cluster garlands of orbed leaves
That shadow with tapestry green
Bright orange cups, with their purple hearts
Frosted with diamond sheen—

Or delicate bells, like the opal gems
Of the May-fly's shimmering wing—
A fairy chaplet all scented soft
With the primrose breath of Spring;

And velvet verdure spreads richly deep
Where those elfin flow'rets shine—
Though 'tis only a patch of woodland moss
To any eye but mine!

ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.—"Oh! what an ugly little creature."

"She will be beautiful in heaven, mamma," replied a lady.

"Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the child. "I should like to know how you can tell that?"

"In the other life," replied the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will in the next world be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

"How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker.

"Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited? And does not the homeliest face become pleasant to look upon, when good affections are in the heart? In the other life we shall appear as we really are, and of course evil passions will deform the face and good affection make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in Heaven, for she is a good little girl, homely as her face now is."—*Arthur's Magazine.*

☞ The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

THE GLORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

It is the glorious boast of Philadelphia that her workingmen are better lodged than those of any other city in the world. This is a fact. In that city the visitor sees miles of small, elegant brick houses, provided with water and gas, conveniently fitted up, and occupied by the families of mechanics. Mr. W. H. Fry, in a letter from Philadelphia to the Tribune, says:

The pre-eminently comfortable condition of the workingmen of Philadelphia is due in part to a peculiarity in the tenure of land—a peculiarity which I have never seen analyzed or exemplified by any publicist, and yet of signal worth and worthy of adoption in other cities. It is this: There is a species of ground-rents in this city as old as its foundation, which have no analogy in any tenures in New York or New England, to my knowledge. Its peculiarity lies in the apparent contradiction of holding land in fee simple, yet subject to rent. The value of all land in Philadelphia is estimated by this rent, and not by the capital price. Thus, a lot is said to be worth $12, $15, or $18 a foot—meaning that it is worth a principal sum of $200, $250, or $300, of which the interest is represented in the amount of rent. This is not ideal but real, since it enters into the forms of conveyance. For example: A owns a lot say 100 feet on any street—a lot here meaning any number of feet, not 25 feet as in New York—and B desiring to purchase asks the price. He is answered simply, "Twelve dollars," which conveys the precise idea of the value fixed by the owner, without another word of explanation. The depth as well as the location of a lot, has of course much to do with determining the value, but depth is no part of the popular expression in the word "foot," which refers simply to the foot on the front line. Well, should B be content with "twelve dollars" as a price, A executes a deed to him in *fee simple*, reserving a rent of $1,200 to be paid him, his heirs, &c., $600 in every half year, fixing the two days of payment on any days six months apart, the first payment not being due till six months after the purchase. There is usually a covenant that B shall build on the lot within a year; but if he pays the ground-rent, this covenant is by custom a dead letter. Thus a man becomes the bona fide owner of land without paying a dollar for six months, and then only one-half year's interest on the purchase-money. But this is not all. B, or his heirs forever, can never be compelled to pay either a higher rent than first recited in the deed, nor to pay off the principal. So long as he pays the ground-rent the property is his absolutely. If he fail to pay, the property can be sold to pay off principal and interest—any excess over such sale accruing to himself or his representatives, as the case may be. Further although B cannot be *compelled* to pay off the principal, he has at any time the *right* to pay it off, and so relieve his property of the rent charge. The holder of the rent, A, or his heirs *must* accept the original principal sum at any time, no matter how greatly the property may have increased in value. In sales of this sort of course the personal responsibility of a purchaser is considered, so that, should the property deteriorate *before* it is improved, there may be recourse for the deficiency. Practically, however, these considerations have little weight, unless in very large operations.

Now what is the working of this system? It makes Philadelphia the Paradise of the man of small means, who would secure a home for himself. He "takes up a lot on ground-rent"—that is the current technical phrase—say a twenty-feet lot in some street, respectable it may be, though out of the crowd of houses, and pays $6 a foot, or $120 a year—his first payment being $60 six months after his purchase. He has money enough to build his house, and the cost of his house is all the money he ever pays if he so choose, except the $120 rent. Lots of fourteen and sixteen feet front are bought in this way at $4 or $5 rent, say $60 or $80 a year, and $1,500 builds a snug house. Thus there are thousands and thousands of men here who are owners, of a class which may never compass a homestead in the city of New York. But more than this—mechanics and builders club together and "take up" whole blocks on speculation, and build houses on speculation—the mason, bricklayer, brickmaker, lumberman, carpenter, painter, plumber, gas-fitter, paper-hanger, clubbing their materials and work, taking one or more houses therefor when finished, and settling their differences in cash or otherwise; then selling off at a profit, and doing the like elsewhere.

How admirable is this system. How it stimulates enterprise. How it makes the mechanic something more than his craft denotes—a man of business, of trade, of progress. Thus do we see Philadelphia housing her 600,000 people infinitely better than are the same number on an equal area in any part of the globe. I cannot see all this without wondering how any mechanic or working man who can pursue his calling here, will choose to live in any other Atlantic city. We of New York are full of self-consequence, and on many accounts we have a right to be; but of the best part of civic economies we are, if facts be the test, as ignorant as Kickapoos. Look at the home of the Philadelphia clerk, mechanic, or laborer, and at that of his peer in New York, and judge whether we, in our ship-encompassed port and Fifth avenue pride, have not sadly neglected the most vitally precious rule of every community—"The greatest good of the greatest number."

☞ LIBERTY IN THE DOCK.—Constitutional Government is now on its trial. If the English and American peoples murder each other, Constitutional Government will be found guilty.—*London Punch.*

SNOWY MOUNTAIN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Annexed we give a view of a locality of which there has been some question, the existence of a mountain in Africa, almost directly under the equator, whose top is enveloped in snow. The facts respecting it are given by Rev. Mr. Rebmann, to the Church Missionary Intelligencer. He says, that having attained Kilema, the furthest point to which he had advanced on a previous journey, he and his party proceeded in the direction of Madjame. For six or eight miles the path lay in a north-west direction, over a country gradually rising during the distance of ten miles, which intervened from the base of the Jagga mountain-mass to Kilema. They then reached the northern limit of inhabited land, about eighteen miles distant from the foot of the Jagga mountain. Here the severity of the cold was as great as in Europe in November; nor was this a matter of surprise, for so near was he to the mountain, that even by the light of the moon he could easily distinguish it. On the next day, they proceeded several miles in the same direction until they entered a mountainous forest, when the path became due west. This portion of the route consisted of an uninterrupted series of ascents and descents. Having completed about twelve miles, they entered Uru, a province of Jagga, which they found to be intersected by valleys from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in depth, through which ran perennial streams, supplied from the abundant snow stores which covered the head of the mountain. In a day and a half the party crossed, between Kilema and Jagga, about twelve rivers, with pretty large volumes of water, on an average five inches deep and five yards broad. As it was the middle of the dry season, they must have been dried up had not their sources been from the perpetual snow. As they approached Madjame, they arrived at the fine river Weriweri, crossing which they were some four miles from the foot of the mountain, which is described by him as having two summits, rising to the limit of snow out of the common mountain-mass. The eastern is the lower, and terminates in several peaks, which in the rainy season are covered far down with snow, but in the dry season it sometimes melts entirely away, while at other times a few spots will remain. The western summit is the proper perpetual snow-mountain, which, rising considerably above its neighbor, affords also much more room for snow, it being formed like an immense dome. It is ten or twelve miles distant from the eastern summit, the intervening space presenting a saddle, which, so far as Mr. Rebmann could ascertain, was never covered with snow.

WIFE USAGE AMONG TRAPPERS AND INDIANS.

[From the Life and Adventures of J. P. Beckwourth, Scout and Pioneer, recently published by the Harpers:]

After a residence among them of a few days, I had a slight difficulty in my family affairs. A party of Indians came into camp one day, bringing with them three white men's scalps. The sight of them made my blood boil with rage; but there was no help for it, so I determined to wait with patience my day of revenge. In accordance with their custom, a scalp dance was held, at which there was much additional rejoicing.

My wife came to me with the information that her people were rejoicing, and that she wished to join them in the dance.

I replied, "No, these scalps belonged to my people; my heart is crying for their death; you must not rejoice when my heart cries—you must not dance when I mourn."

She then went out, as I supposed, satisfied. My two white friends, having a great curiosity to witness the performance, were looking out upon the scene. I reproved them for wishing to witness the savage rejoicings over the fall of white men who had belonged to our own company.

One of them answered, "Well, your wife is the best dancer of the whole party; she out-dances them all."

This was a sting which pierced my very heart. Taxing my battle-ax, and forcing myself into the ring, I watched my opportunity, and struck my disobedient wife a heavy blow in the head with the side of my battle-ax, which dropped her as if a ball had pierced her heart.

I dragged her through the crowd and left her, and went back to my tent.

This act was performed in such a bold manner, under the very noses of hundreds of them, that they were thunderstruck, and for a moment remained motionless. When I entered the tent I said to my companions: "There, now, you had better prepare to hold on to your own scalps, since you take so much interest in a celebration over those of your murdered brethern." Their countenances turned ashy pale, expecting instant death.

By this time the whole Indian camp was in a blaze. "Kill him! kill him! burn him! burn him!" was shouted through the camp in their own language, which I plainly understood. I was collected for I knew they could kill me but once.

Soon I heard the voice of my father-in-law crying, in a tone that sounded above all, "Stop! hold! hold! warriors, listen to your chief."

All was hushed in an instant, and he continued: "Warriors! I am the loser of a daughter, and her brothers have lost a sister—you have lost nothing. She was the wife of the trader; I gave her to him. When your wives disobey your commands, you kill them; that is your right. That thing disobeyed her husband; he told her not to dance; she disobeyed him; she had no ears; he killed her, and he did right." * * * * * * * *

As-sa-to next came to my camp and said, "My son, you have done right; that woman I gave you had no sense; her ears were stopped up; she would not hearken to you, and you had a right to kill her. But I have another daughter, who is younger than she was. She is more beautiful, she has good sense and good ears. You may have her in the place of the bad one—she will hearken to all you say to her."

"Well," thought I, "this is getting married again before I have had time to mourn."

But I replied, "Very well, my father, I will accept of your kind offer," well knowing that to refuse him would be to offend, as he would suppose that I disdained his generosity.

My second wife was brought to me. I found her, as her father had represented, far more intelligent and far prettier than her sister, and I was really proud of the change. I now possessed one that many a warrior had performed deeds of bloody valor to obtain, for it is a high honor to get the daughter of a great chief to wife, and many a warrior has sacrificed his life in seeking to attain such a prize.

During the night, while I and my wife were quietly reposing, some person crawled into our couch, sobbing most bitterly. Angry at the intrusion, I asked who was there.

"Me," answered a voice, which, although well-nigh stifled with sobs, I recognized as that of my other wife, whom every one had supposed dead. After lying outside the lodge senseless for some hours, she had recovered and groped her way to my bed.

"Go away," I said, "you have no business here; I have a new wife now, one who has sense."

"I will not go away," she replied, "my ears are open now. I was a fool not to hearken to my husband's words when his heart was crying, but now I have good sense, and will always hearken to your words."

It did really seem as if her heart was broken, and she kept her position until morning. I thought myself now well supplied with wives, having two more than I cared to have; but I deemed it hardly worth while to complain, as I should very soon leave the camp, wives and all.

NEWS ITEMS.

ASSAULT ON THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—An excited individual, recently made an attack upon a Louisville editor, for some report he had published. The result appears not to have been so satisfactory as was expected, as his club was left in the office, his pistols were handed to a police officer, and his hat was picked out of the gutter.

The Rev. John Macnaught, a clergyman of the Church of England, an Oxford man, now incumbent of St. Chrysostom's church, Liverpool, has published a work with the special and avowed purpose of proving the Bible not infallible.

The first railway in the Roman States, which goes from Rome to Frascati, was opened on the 7th ult.

It is said that the late Emperor Nicholas has left a manuscript work on the political and other events of his reign, and that, by his direction, it is to be published five years after his death.

OLE BULL FOR FREMONT.—Ole Bull has given $500 towards the establishment of a German Fremont paper in Wisconsin, and it is said that he will take the stump in that State.

A SHARP BOY.—The Abington (Mass.) Standard tells the following: "The Rev. Mr. G., a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a youth of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face, 'No, I don't like the looks of them taters.'"

LARGE IMPORTATION.—There was an importation recently of nearly one million dollars worth of sugar alone, in the port of New York.

STEEL.—There are eighteen establishments for manufacturing steel in our country; these have a capacity for making 14,000 tons per annum. We have the best ores in the world for making steel.

The Morning Herald states, on authority, that, at the commencement of the late war, Austria offered to join the Allies, on condition that they would assist her in rendering Poland independent. This is probable, for there were mysterious allusions in the Austrian notes. Austria feared Russia.

The Emperor of Austria has celebrated the birth of a Princess, by granting an amnesty. The accounts say that the estates confiscated from the Hungarians, while that country was under martial law, are restored, and that numerous other boons have been conceded.

HIGH PRICE.—A sale of North Carolina tobacco was recently made in Lynchburg, Va., at $60 per cwt., the highest price ever received for North Carolina tobacco.

ELOPEMENT IN CINCINNATI.—On Sunday evening week a lady, (wife of one of the Sixth street merchants,) eloped from her husband in Cincinnati, leaving no affectionate note, requesting her husband to take good care of a child she left behind, assuring him that the child was his. The only emotion expressed by the bereaved husband was to knock down a gentleman—an intimate acquaintance—who came to sympathise with him on his loss.—*Cin. Times.*

Garlic is sent in large quantities from the interior of California to *San Francisco*, where it sells readily for three hundred dollars per ton.

At Davenport, Iowa, prairie hay is selling for $7 and $8 per ton.

A magnificent sword has been presented by members of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, to Mons. Velacecque, commander of the French division of the committee, as a compliment for the services rendered by the French citizens.

FATAL AFFRAY IN CALIFORNIA.—The Yreka (Cal.) Union tells of a fight between some Americans and Irishmen, on *Salmon River*, in which eight men were killed and twenty wounded.

At Syracuse, a short time since, the Indians received their yearly instalment from the State. One old "native" presented himself and squaw, and nineteen children. His share, at $5 a head, was $95, and as he received his portion, he remarked, "me get hundred dollars next year."

A LIGHTNING WELL-BORER.—During a recent thunder-storm at Kensington, N. H., the lightning descended perpendicularly in an intense discharge into a pasture field, and made a hole about a foot in diameter and 30 feet deep, forming a well, which soon filled up with good water.

General Houston has just completed a letter to his constituents, defining his political position, and declaring himself in favor of the election of Fillmore and Donelson.

George B. Butler has parted with his interest in the New York Journal of Commerce (a quarter of the concern) for $55,000. He bought three years ago for $45,000.

PROSPECTIVE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE.—Should the Jews be restored to Palestine, the commencement of the movement will be due to England, the British Government having, two years ago, formally desired its Ambassador at Constantinople to promote that object by all the means in his power.

MOVEMENTS OF MRS. STOWE.—Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe sailed on Wednesday last for Europe. The N. Y. *Evening Post* says she will bring out her book "On the Influence of Slavery upon the White Population" during her absence, both in England and in the United States.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN EUROPE AND AFRICA.—The making of the cable which is to complete the telegraphic communication between France and Algeria, was to commence on the 20th ult.

The musical critics and dilletanti of London are at loggerheads about the relative merits of the two artists, Jenny Lind and Johanna Wagner. The friends or partisans of the first named decry with all their might any claims to notice of the Teutonic songstress, saying she has no voice or action, while on the other hand, the Wagnerites assert that "the Lind" has a small reputation, beyond which she cannot go, and that her chief merit consists in her wonderful ventriloquial exhibitions. The result is that Jenny has pocketed some $150,000, and it is fair to infer that Johanna will meet with the same pleasing evidences of appreciation. Barnum could scarcely have managed the public better than the friends of these two ladies.

SWEDISH STABLE TREATMENT TO HORSES.—In Sweden the floors of the stables are planked, and the planks are perforated with holes, so that wet will not lodge on them—the bare boards being the only bedding allowed. To this strange method the Swedes attribute the soundness of their horses' feet, as it is quite uncommon to meet with a lame or foundered horse in Sweden which has been so stabled.

HEAVY TAXATION.—Mr. Barnes, an overland emigrant to California, had to winter among the Mormons, who levied a tax of twenty-two per cent. on all his effects! One per cent. was a county and territorial tax, one per cent. a school tax, and twenty per cent. a "fort, or city wall" tax, a work now in progress by the people of Brigham City.

A FACT IN HISTORY.—"Two years ago," writes the Paris correspondent of Le Nord, "there died at Versailles, in complete obscurity, a personage who has a name in history—Count de Bombelles, who, after Napoleon I. and the Count De Neipperg, was the third husband of Marie Louise."

THE COST OF SPIRITUALISM.—The editor of the New York Pathfinder, formerly a spiritualist, says: "We know one individual in this city, who has spent upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars in promulgating spiritualism, within the last two years, and probably will spend twenty-five thousand more, before he discovers the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted."

TOM THUMB ROBBED.—A box, between two and three feet long, containing all the jewels which the little "General" had received as presents during the last eight or nine years, was stolen from the Melodeon Hall, in Cincinnati, Ohio, a short time since. They were worth about $20,000.

WASHINGTON, July 31, 1856.—The Senate, in Executive Session, to-day, confirmed the appointment of Col. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, as Governor of Kansas, without opposition, in place of Shannon, removed.

The nineteen River and Harbor bills passed in the Senate to-day, appropriates, in the aggregate, half a million of dollars. They were each passed by more than a two-thirds vote.

PRUSSIAN JUSTICE.—The criminal court of Breslau has condemned a lady of rank, the Baroness Von Z., (daughter of a Major General,) to six years' solitary confinement, besides a fine of one thousand dollars, and prohibition of connubial rights during that period. The charges brought against her were swindling and forgery of documents.

EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.—Forty-one sermons were preached, on Sunday week, in places of worship, in and around London, on the religious and social advantages that would accrue from a general earlier suspension of business, and the adoption of a Saturday half-holiday where practicable.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has authorized young noblemen to enter the civil profession without losing their nobility. Hitherto, nobility has been lost by a nobleman's son, if he did not devote himself to the national service; but henceforth, in consequence of the new arrangement, it is hoped that a good many of them will embark in financial and manufacturing enterprises.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Hector Smith, a colored gentleman, of Boston, has been arrested for marrying two Irish girls—Ann McCormick and Rosanna McCann. Great place, that Boston.

It is said that there is not an ounce of that famous perfume, pure Otto of Roses, sold in our country. It is adulterated before it is sent from Egypt—the country which furnishes the almost entire supply.

"UNIFORM NEGLECT."—Punch says:—The day after the apparition of the Yankee at her Majesty's levee, in a black cravat, the English funds actually declined. A correspondent draws from the fact the following moral: The "ties" of the two nations must be extremely loose, when "cravats" can thus affect the "stocks!"

A BILL has been introduced into the Councils of Savannah, imposing a tax of $200 each on all slaves or free persons of color, brought or sent to that city for the purpose of being transported to Liberia or any other foreign country. The Republican says, "the tax is a high one, and, we presume, was intended to be prohibitory in its operation."

HORSEFLESH AS FOOD.—The Austrian Gazette states that for the last three years in which horseflesh has been sold at Vienna, 4,925 horses have been slaughtered, which have furnished 1,903,000 pounds of meat, distributed to the poor in 3,804,000 portions of half a pound each. The total produce of the animals, meat and offal, amounted to 22,5,065 florins.

MORALS OF GOTHAM.—A hundred and fifty swindlers have been caught at the Astor House alone, by one of the waiters, within the last six months, trying to leave without paying for their meals.

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—The Journal de St. Quintin publishes a receipt for curing cattle of the fermentation produced in their stomachs from eating clover and other green food. The remedy is a spoonful of ammonia, dissolved in a glass of water and administered to the animal. The cure, it states, takes place within an hour.

The fund raised at San Francisco for the benefit of the family of the late "James King, of William," is said to amount to $25,000, $3,000 of which has been subscribed in Sacramento.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN PRUSSIA.—In the course of next year there will be a re-union of delegates from all bodies of Evangelical Christians throughout the world, assembled in Berlin, at the call of the Evangelical Alliance, which has been empowered and invited to do so by the King of Prussia.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has given her last concert in England, and she retires to a home, says the Times, which is now, and has been since she was married, one of unclouded happiness. It is supposed that the gains of Madame Goldschmidt, by her recent engagements, amount at least to £40,000.

CYCLES OF COLD AND HOT WEATHER.—It is somewhat remarkable that, though the historic period is several thousands of years old, comparatively little is known of the science of meteorology. One would have thought that one of the first subjects to which the attention of inquirers would be directed, would have been the causes of storms, the fluctuations of hot and cold years, and the laws generally which governed the weather. But, with the exception of a few popular signs, to which little or no additions have been made since the time of Virgil, we know almost nothing on the subject so universally interesting. A few farmers, shepherds, or sailors, in the course of a long life, have obtained, by a close observation of nature, some insight into the laws of the weather, and have originated these popular signs; but being *unlettered men*, most of their knowledge has perished with them, so that each generation has had to begin over again the acquisition of the necessary facts. It is only within the few last years that science has taken up the subject seriously. Even yet the paucity of data is so great, that only an approximation has been made to a true theory of the weather.

One of the few things which may be regarded as established, is that cold and warm seasons come in regularly recurring cycles. It was not until A. D. 1700 that the observations began to be made on which this conclusion is founded; and until A. D. 1750 these were loosely conducted, the thermometer not coming into general use before. Noah Webster, L.L. D., so long ago as A. D. 1782, published a series of tables on the weather, in which he gave the comparative temperature of each year for a century preceding. From these tables it appeared that there was a general tendency to extreme seasons from the sixth to the tenth year of every decade, and especially of every alternate decade. Since that publication, more accurate observations, extending over a large portion of the interval, have confirmed his opinion. The first five years of each decade have generally had a mean temperature higher than the last five years. Thus, from A. D. 1791 to A. D. 1795 was a warm period; and from A. D. 1796 to A. D. 1800 a cold one; and so it has continued, in each decade, except that from A. D. 1806 to A. D. 1816, up to the present time. These tables also show that, from A. D. 1786 up to A. D. 1836, the temperature was gradually rising, while from this last period it has been as gradually falling, though in both epochs the fluctuations in the decades have regularly prevailed.

Some writers attribute these changes to the spots on the sun, while others controvert the notion. The existence of these spots is thought to increase the mean heat of the summer, in our latitude, while it adds also to the severity of the winters. On the other hand, the absence of such spots is said to make the seasons extreme, without seriously disturbing the mean of the year. In both cases, the result is supposed to be produced by the influence of the sun's rays on terrestrial magnetism, and its consequent effect on the volume of the trade winds and the amount of moisture. This is the opinion of Mr. Butler, an American, one of the latest investigators of the laws of the weather. But it is not concurred in by M. Schwabe, a distinguished European meteorologist, who made accurate annual investigations, on this very subject, from A. D. 1828 to A. D. 1850. It must be said, however, in favor of Mr. Butler, that the magnetic action of this continent is more intense than that of Europe, and that, in consequence, effects might be traced here which were not observable in the other hemisphere. But whatever may be the cause, the fact seems indisputable, that cold and hot periods of years follow each other according to a determinate law, which there is hope may yet be discovered. The experience of the present year, as compared with that of the five preceding ones, certainly favors the idea that we are entering on the colder half of the decade. As fully does the experience of the last twenty years favor the notion that the mean temperature is declining, and that we are now in a cold cycle, which, to judge from the past, may continue twenty or thirty years longer.

THE DEVILMAN.—The Liverpool correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, gives the following account of a new necromancer who has been astonishing the French, and is coming to astonish the Londoners:

The London swells, ever, like the people of Athens, craving for some new excitement, are eagerly anticipating the visit of Signor Ragazzoni, a magnetiser of such extraordinary powers, that the Italians call him the "Man Devil," or the "Devilman," I forget exactly which, nor does it much matter. The Signor, from an extreme distance, or from another apartment, can, it is said, strike senseless any one whom he selects as his patient, or perhaps I should say, his victim. He is the first whose power has been strong enough to stop the pulsation of the heart. At St. Cloud, in the presence of the Emperor and a large circle of visitors, he performed, the other day, some of his surprising experiments. He placed himself at the end of a long gallery in the palace, and upon receiving a memorandum in writing, indicating the person from among the company to be an example of his power, outstretched his hand towards the victim, who instantly fell as struck by lightning, stiff and senseless to the floor, and thus remained, to all appearance dead, so long as the Signor willed. Another gesture on the part of the magnetiser, and the patient rises, staring with ineffable amazement around, and wondering what the whole thing is about, staggers to his seat. The most curious experiment, at St. Cloud, was made upon a young Italian singer (female), just arrived from Florence, who was introduced under the auspices of the Princess Mathilde, and who sang with great *eclat* the andante of Vaccai's bravura, "Le Romeo." In the allegro, which follows, the singer was in the act of executing some particularly brilliant passage, when the Emperor, who was seated at the further end of the room, made a sign to Ragazzoni. The latter stretched forth his hand towards the lady, when suddenly, as if some internal power had seized her within its grasp, she stopped, with staring eyes and mouth wide open. The unfinished note died away, and after two or three gulping efforts, she gazed round in terror, and then fell forward on the piano and burst into tears. Her voice was paralyzed, and in answer to the kind solicitations of those around her not in the secret, and who thought she was ill, she could only point to her throat with a piteous expression of countenance, and shake her head in despair. At another sign from the Emperor, Ragazzoni withdrew his magnetic spell, and the cantatrice gave way to her pent up words in torrents of thanks at being liberated from so distressing a bondage. She could not be persuaded, however, to finish the piece.

AN UNGRATEFUL GUEST.—It has been decided by the English Court of Exchequer, that a man who sustains an injury by an accident while he is a guest in his friend's house, cannot bring an action against his host for negligence. The case was this:—A Mr. Stanley had invited a Mr. Southgate to his house, and while there a glass door fell upon Mr. Southgate and injured him. Mr. Southgate brought an action for negligence against his entertainer. The Court said:—"If this action could be enforced, we might have servants suing their masters for the negligence of their fellow servants, and guests suing their hosts for being placed in damp beds or having soup spilt over their clothes by a clumsy servant at a dinner table. There was no such right of action in any inmate of a household against its head, and every guest who entered an establishment, either to partake of a cup of tea or dish of chat, became pro hac vice a member of the family, sailing in the same boat with all the others, and sharing with all the risks of such accidents."

Peace Address from Philadelphia to the English People.

The following is a copy of the address lately sent by the Committee appointed at a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, in reply to the addresses of the citizens of Manchester and Liverpool to the people of the United States:—

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN.—We have received with profound satisfaction the letter addressed by you to the people of the United States in relation to the difficulties existing between the two countries. There is not a sentiment or a word in that truly fraternal address which we do not make our own. We feel, as you do, that Englishmen and Americans are substantially one. No two nations of equal extent are now, or ever have, been so closely bound together. No two nations really independent of each other ever had so many causes for being at amity—so few causes for alienation even, much less for war. We speak the same tongue, we are of one faith, we are of one blood. For every feeling, interest, custom, habit, mode of thinking or acting in which we are at variance, there are hundreds, and those of a hundred fold weight and importance, in which we are as one.

War between two such nations cannot possibly seem more horrible and unnatural in your eyes than it does in ours. We desire, therefore, to assure you, with all the emphasis and solemnity which it is possible for words to give, that the Government and people of the United States have no desire to be at war, or even at feud with Great Britain.

It is for this reason that we have received with such special satisfaction the demonstrations of friendship and brotherhood contained in your address, and we desire to respond in the same spirit, without reserve and with our whole hearts.

Our aims, our interests, our sentiments of humanity, the principles of our religion, all look to peace. War, with any nation, and most of all with the people of Great Britain—which would be war with our own flesh and blood—is abhorrent to every cherished sentiment of the American heart. Friends and brethren, we go farther. It is our desire not only to avoid the dreadful extremity of war, but to live on terms of the most cordial friendship with you. If there is any one sentiment on which Americans are all of one mind, it is the wish expressed by our Minister, Mr. Dallas, that between the Government and people of Great Britain and those of the United States, every cause of misunderstanding, and with it every shadow of alienation and distrust, should be at once, and forever, banished.

Signed, in behalf of the citizens of Philadelphia, convened in public meeting at the Merchants' Exchange, July 3, 1856.

RICHARD VAUX,
Mayor of Philadelphia.
A. J. LEWIS,
EDMUND A. SOUDER,
WM. C. PATTERSON,
JOHN S. HART,
MORRIS L. HALLOWELL.

MAJOR BUFORD AND KANSAS.—It appears from the St. Louis News, that the Major has gone back to Alabama, disgusted. The News says:

"This gentleman sold his plantation in Alabama, and invested the proceeds, amounting to something like $50,000, in the glorious but unpaying business of making Kansas a Slave State. He collected a company of nearly 300 men, whose expenses to the Territory he paid, having first entered into written agreement with each member, individually, by the terms of which his men were to preempt a claim of land in Kansas, and mortgage it to their commander, to secure the money he had advanced to them. All promised well, and Major Buford flattered himself with the prospect that his Alabama plantation would be the means of securing to him a hundred or more Kansas farms worth a dozen times as much as the one he parted with. But he soon found that going into distant Territories to maintain the rights of the South, is not just what it seems to be.

"Major Buford passed through this city, not long since, on his way to Alabama, and it is said that he is so disgusted with the Kansas business that he will have nothing more to do with it. He tried to get his men to settle on pre-emption claims, and become steady citizens, so as to secure him for the sums of money he had paid out for them. But the men could not be induced to do it. They preferred roving over the country in organized bands, depending on their too hospitable friends in Kansas and Missouri for the means of support. These friends are becoming tired of them, and, no doubt, desire their departure. They have done nothing for themselves, nothing for their commander, and nothing for the cause of the South in Kansas."

The above is in conformity with a letter from Kansas in the Mobile Tribune, from one of the Buford party, who in quite indignant at the conduct of some of the men whom the Colonel took out with him. It says:

"There is not more than one seventh, if so many, of Col. Buford's original company, now remaining in the Territory. Of the 360 who came in that company not more than 50 are now here. Most of the others have returned home to hang around their mother's apron strings, leaving the energetic and persevering Yankees to rule Kansas."

THE SUNBURY AND ERIE RAILROAD OPENING.—The opening ceremonies of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, took place on the 1st, amid much enthusiasm and rejoicing. There was a large assemblage on the ground. S. V. Merrick, Esq., of Philadelphia, President of the Road, broke ground, and speeches were made by Hon. Jas. Thompson, S. V. Merrick, Esq., Mr. Northrop and others. The excursionists, comprising members of Councils and members of the press of Philadelphia, left at midnight last evening for Niagara Falls, on their return home.

WINE.—It was agreed at the wine-growers' meeting in Cincinnati, that freezing does not injure wine. A heat of 110 degrees, however, will completely destroy it.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 379—Adults 95, and children 284.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

TOTAL RECEIPTS.

Beeves	5,367	Swine	1,509
Veals	791	Milch Cows	244
Sheep and Lambs	10,613		

BEEVES.

There has not been much improvement in the demand, the continuance of very warm weather has modified the consumption, as well as the plenty of fruits and vegetables—prices have not altered from last week.

The quality was on the average equal to last week. The highest price realized was 10c and lowest 5c; average 8½c. The weather here was exceedingly warm, and a general complaint was made by drovers from all parts of the country of parched ground, from want of rain—as to the close there was no marked improvement in the activity, and prices were difficult to sustain.

We quote prices as follows:

Best cattle	9 a10	Common quality,	8 a—
Good quality	8½a—	Inferior quality	7½

(Sections of country from whence brought.)

New York	121	Virginia	—
Ohio	816	Connecticut	—
Illinois	3,221	Kentucky	310
Pennsylvania	—	Iowa	150
Texas	122		

Receipts Per Different Conveyances.

	Erie.	Hud. R.	Harlem.	Boats.
Beeves	1,220	948	55	238
Veals	—	—	560	—
Sheep and Lambs	—	—	723	—
Swine	200	—	—	—
Cows	—	—	82	—
Horses	—	—	—	—

(By whom Received.)

A M Allerton	2,367	Browning	321
O'Brien	135	Chamberlain	83
Total			3,367
Received last week			3,129

VEAL CALVES.

There is not much inquiry for Veal, and but a small portion of the stock is above medium quality. Sales at 5a6½c, a very few at 7c.

Receipts.

At Allerton's	586	At Browning's	55
O'Brien's	48	Chamberlain's	102
Total			791
Received last week			951

MILCH COWS.

There has been a moderate business done at last week's advance, though milkmen have done less—sales at $35a65, as to quality.

Receipts.

At Allerton's	22	At Browning's	77
O'Brien's	114	Chamberlain's	27
Total			244
Received last week			203

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

There has been a good trade this week, the supplies meeting with disposal on arrival, and the prices realized by drovers have been high. Lambs, particularly, sold at extreme rates—some at $7. The receipts were from this State, Ohio and New Jersey.

Old Sheep are scarce and wanted. Browning reports only 200 in pens.

Receipts.

At Allerton's	723
At Browning's	4,910
At Chamberlain's	4,980
Total	10,613
Received last week	10,154

SWINE.

The supply is light and prices are advancing. Allerton sold a lot of corn fed Hogs at 6¾ gross. Stock Hogs are out of market.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1,458 Cattle—Beeves 1,400, Stores 58, Sheep and Lambs, 1,825, and Swine 300.

Prices—Market Beef, Extra $9.00; first quality $7.75; second do $6.50a7.50; third do $6.

Stores—Yearling Cattle—

Milch Cows—$35, 40, 45, 50, 55a60.

Veal Calves—$3a5.50.

Yearlings none; two years old $18, 23, 25, 28a30; three years old $25, 31a36.

Hides, Tallow, &c.—Hides 7½a8c ₱ lb.

Tallow 3½c; rough fat 2c lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and Selections, $3, 4, 4,50a5; in lots, $2, 2,50a3,50 ₱ head.

Pelts—Costly.

Swine—Wholesale, 6½a7c; retail 7a8c.

Nine hundred head of the cattle in market, this week, are from Albany county, large, handsome oxen but only a few sold at $8 ₱ cwt; the balance being warm, butchers buy lightly. Veal as a drug in the market—the season for it is over.

Number of cars over the different roads: Western 122, Fitchburg 42, Lowell 20, Boston and Maine 22, loaded with Hogs, Sheep and Cattle.

Cattle are sold here by the head at prices per pound equal to the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow at the same price.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, August 9th, 1856.

The operations of the past week have been limited by the hot weather, and business generally has been dull for the season. In Dry Goods, however, there has been rather more doing. The Cincinnati and other new cities have taken hold quite freely, and the prices of most of the leading articles are fully sustained, the tendency being to an advance. Prints have been largely dealt in, and all good styles have realized good prices. Print Cloths and Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings continue in good request, without change in value. Drills, Ticks, Ginghams and Linens now only suffer a fair average trade from former rates. Canton Flannels are moderately active, at steady prices. In Woollens there are no changes to note, with a fair business doing in Cloths, Cassimeres and Satinets, while Flannels and Blankets meet with a steady demand.

Operations in Rags is scarce, and holders at advanced rates. Bread Stuffs are also scarce, particularly Wheat and Corn, which are wanted at higher rates. Coal and Iron remain dull, the scarcity of vessels having a tendency to limit operations in the former article. Cotton has ruled very quiet during the entire week, without any variation to note in prices. The market for Groceries closes with more activity in Sugar and Coffee, and sales to some extent have been made at full rates. The Provision trade continues at a stand, without any positive alteration in quotations. Hemp remains quiet. Hides and Leather are buoyant and firm, but the want of sales limits sales. Naval Stores and Oils remain unchanged. Plaster is very scarce, but is held rather more firmly. Seeds continue scarce, and command full former rates. Tallow is firmer. Whiskey has been dull, and for Western the demand has been more active, without any material change in quotations.

ASHES—No change in the market for Pots or Pearls, and but little sale.

BARK—Quercitron continues in request, and firm with further small sales at 28a29c. Spruce are also scarce at 82½c.

COAL—There is no new feature in the market; the demand is moderate for the season, and prices about the same. The scarcity of vessels still operates unfavorably on the trade. Allegheny Coal is lower, sales having been made at 11c ₱ bush, 3 months' credit.

The receipts this week, from the Lehigh and Schuylkill Regions are large. The following is a summary of the tonnage of the respective lines:

	This Week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal	44,333	847,620
Schuylkill Canal	78,469	955,871
Reading Railroad	49,352	1,235,510
Total	123,154	2,339,000

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival of 6,000 bags this week. The market opened quiet, and prices unchanged. 7,000 bags, however, have found buyers at the close of the week, principally Rio, at quotations, on the usual credit.

COTTON—The market continues depressed and dull under the advices from abroad, and prices of the low grades rather favor the buyer. The want of water at many of the mills having suspended operations, the demand has fallen off and about the same only have found buyers at the close for Uplands, and Louisiana Gulf, each and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—Business continues limited in articles under this head, without any material change to note in prices.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, with a small business to notice in good Western at 55a56c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Very little doing, and we have only to notice some further sales of Pine Apples at $5a8 ₱ 100. Green Fruit is more plenty and brings fair prices.

FISH—There is very few new Mackerel arriving, and sales are limited to small lots of 3s from store at $4a4,25 for medium, and $5 ₱ bbl for large size. Old Fish continue dull at former quotations. Nothing in Herring or Codfish worthy to notice.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign news has imparted a better feeling to the interest, and with continued light receipts and a reduced stock, prices have an upward tendency. The demand for Flour, however, is limited, owing in some measure to the demand of suitable vessels, and sales about 5,000 bbls have been effected at full prices for export and home consumption, closing at $6,75a6,87½ for extra Ohio, $6,87½a7 for extra Indiana, $7a7,12½ for extra Western, and $7,12½a7,25 for extra family. Corn Meal is in fair request and firm, with further sales of about 1,200 bbls at $3,50 for Brandywine and $3 for Pennsylvania. Rye Flour is also scarce, with further small sales at $3,50a3,62½ ₱ bbl. The inspections for the week were 8,782 bbls Flour and 535 bbls Corn Meal, and 91 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—There has been an improved demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, and with a falling off in the receipts, prices are 2a3c ₱ bushel better. Sales include about 30,000 bushels, mostly new Southern, at 174a165c for reds, and 172a175c for white, closing firmly at 164a165c for reds, and 164a165c for white. Rye continues in request, with further sales of 5,000 bushels Penna in lots at 71 a72c, chiefly at the former rate in store. Corn continues in request and scarce at a further advance, and about 10,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, have been sold in lots at 84a86c, as to quality. Western and Penna are held very firmly at 82c, and little or none offering. Oats have been in demand at rather higher rates, and about 20,000 bushels have changed hands at 45a46c for old, and 37a38c for new, afloat and in store, the latter for Southern.

GUANO—Is more active, with a fair business to note in both Peruvian and Colombian, at the regular sales. A cargo of the latter has just arrived.

GINSENG—There is little or no Crude offering or selling, and the market remains quiet.

HEMP—No stock in first hands to operate in, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES—The market is firm, but there is little or nothing doing for the want of stock.

HOPS—Continue dull, and a small business only to notice at 12a. 13c for Eastern sold.

IRON—Trade still rules dull; there is no new feature in the market, and sales are mostly confined to small lots from store within the range of quotations. In Scotch Pig there is also very little doing, and prices are nominally unchanged. Manufactured Iron is selling in lots as wanted at steady rates.

LEAD—Is dull. A few small sales of Galena only, and 300 pigs Western have been disposed of at rates not public.

LEATHER—The market continues active at fully former quotations, but the want of stock limits sales.

LUMBER—Remains dull. Prices range at $14a16 for Susquehanna and $19 for Lehigh Boards. Shingles and Laths are unchanged, with limited sales.

MOLASSES—Continues active, at fully former rates, but the market is nearly bare, and sales are confined to Cuba, mostly in small lots, at 40a41c, on the usual terms, the latter for Muscovado.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine is in better demand, and sales range at 39a40c ₱ gallon, cash and time. Further small sales of Rosin, Pitch and Tar have also been made, at steady rates.

OILS—Crude Sperm is more active, with further sales of Crude in lots, at 78a77c. Sperm remains quiet. Of Lard Oil sales of Winter have been made at 1-oc, and Spring at 96c, which is an advance. Linseed is also better, and selling more freely at 84a85c ₱ gal.

PLASTER—Continues scarce and in request. The last sales of ground were at $2,75 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market continues pretty much at a stand; buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and the transactions are mostly in a small way, at about previous rates. Mess Pork is quoted at $19a20,50, and City Mess Beef at $13a14,50 ₱ bbl, with but little doing. Bacon ranges at about 12a14c for Hams; 12a12½ for Sides, and 11c for Shoulders. Lard is quiet, at 12a13c for this and 13a14c for kegs; our highest figures is demanded for Prime Western. Butter is in better demand, with but little offering, and Prime Western packed is selling at 14a15c. Cheese is unchanged, with moderate sales at 10a10 ½c, as to quality.

RICE—The market has been quiet this week, with a small business only to note, at 4½a5c, the latter for retail lots.

SALT—Is in steady demand, with further arrivals of about 10,000 sacks Liverpool ground and fine, most of which was previously sold, on terms not public.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover and Timothy Seed, but there is little offering and prices range at about $3 for the former, and $2,50a2,75 ₱ bushel for the latter. Flaxseed is also scarce, at $1,65a1,70 ₱ bushel for domestic.

SPIRITS—The market for Brandy and Gin remains inactive, but without any variation to note. N. E. Rum is scarce at 27a28c, the latter for Boston. Whiskey is still scarce, but the demand has fallen off, and bbls sell slowly at 29c, and Drudge at 30c. Hhds are quoted at 28c, and very few offering.

SUGARS—The market has ruled rather quiet during the last week, but most of the recent arrivals have been disposed of at full rates, including about 1200 hhds, principally Cuba, at 8¾a9c as the usual terms.

TALLOW—Is in active request, with further sales of City Rendered at 10¼a10¾c, mostly at the latter rate, which is an advance.

TEAS—No change in the market, with about the usual business to note.

TOBACCO—The market is very firm, and the Stock of Leaf light, with a small business doing. Manufactured is steady, with moderate transactions.

WINES—There is rather more doing, but without change in quotations.

WOOL—The market has been more active, and about 250,000 lbs have been taken by Manufacturers, part to go East, at nearly steady rates, prices ranging at from 37 to 50 and 55c for common to full blood and prime Fleece; 38a39c for unwashed, and 60c for No 1 and Merino pulled, all on the usual credit.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle this week have been very large; between 1,700 and 1,800 head have come in. The demand was fair, but prices again declined 50c a 1c on the hundred. 1,400 head were disposed of within the range of $11,75 and $14 for inferior and prime qualities. A few extra prices reach as high as $15a16. On the whole, the sales would not average $12 ₱ 100. 107 head were driven to New York, and the balance were left over. Strickland reports the following sales at his yard:

65 Ohio and 31 Chester county, Pa., sold by Abraham & Hickman at 8a9½.

A. Ritterbaugh sold 68 head of Chester county, prime quality, at 9a9½.

A. Kennedy, 28 head Chester county at 8a9.

H. Vanier, 25 head Ohio common quality at 8a8½.

W. Strickland, 46 head of Virginia, meddling quality, at 8a8½.

30 head sold by the farmers at prices ranging from $7,25 to $8 ₱ lb.

The following sales were made at the Bull's Head:

107 Ohio, by John Todd, at 8a8½, and 10 Chester county at 9a9½.

52 Virginia, sold by Seymour for C. Murphy, at 8a9.

85 Virginia of fair quality, sold by T. Gilvaize at 8a8.

100 Virginia sold by Mealey & Brady, at 8a8½.

30 Chester county for quality, sold by Robert Nesley, at 8a9½.

50 Ohio sold by P. Hathaway, at 8a9.

25 Delaware county sold by J. Cochran, at 8a9.

48 Chester county, good quality, sold by Underwood & Co., at 9a10; 21 head of these, very prime, brought 10.

112 Ohio, common quality, sold by J. Baldomridge, at $7,75a8,75.

50 head of Goshen, Chester county, very fine, realized 9a10, sold by Wm. Sharpless.

28 Chester county, fed by Thompson & Palmer, averaged 510 ₱ 100; some brought $10½. This was the finest drove in market.

8 head Chester county, sold by A. Kimber, at 9½a10.

The balance were sold by different parties at $7,75a8,75 ₱ 100.

COWS with Calves are very dull, and prices have declined $5 and $10 each. They are sold at Herbert's and Strickland's, in the Twenty-Fourth Ward, and at Thompson's on the Ridge Road; 200 head were disposed of at $32a60, as to quality.

VEALS are selling at 6a6½c ₱ lb.

HOGS—The sales for the week foot 1,200 head, principally at Sinners' $7a8,50 ₱ 100.

SHEEP AND LAMBS are in demand. Sales of 2,000 at Strickland's, and 3,000 at Herbert's. Prices from $7,50 to $8,75 for sheep, and $2,25a5 for lambs.

The best reports the following arrived at his Avenue Drove Yard:—46 Beeves, 1,00 Sheep, 100 Cows, and 200 Hogs. But few Cattle are retailed at this yard. They are sold as they arrive by the drove.

The past dry weather has completely used up pastures. This will account for the unusual large receipts of Beef Cattle.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR—The market is firm. There were sales of 500 bbls new Howard Street, 100 bbls Ohio, and 1 bbls "Stafford Mills" brand City Mills, at $7,50. The market closed firm at this figure, holders not being particularly anxious to sell.

Family and Extra Flour—We quote Baltimore Ground Family at $7,25a7,50; Extra do at $7 a 7,25; Howard Street and Ohio Family at $7,37½a7,50; Extra do $7,25a7,50 to $7,75 ₱ bbl.

Rye Flour—The market is steady at $3,00.

Corn Meal—There has been an advance, and we now quote at $3,75 ₱ bbl for City and $2,,0 for Country.

GRAIN—Wheat—The receipts were 18,000 bushels. Reds were in active demand, but Whites were rather dull. Good prime Reds sold at $1,90a1,95, and some very choice lots brought $1 98a2,05. White Wheat sold at $1,90a2 for Fair to Prime, and choice lots brought $2,10a2,15. The parcels taken at the latter figures were of very superior quality.

Corn—The offerings were 4,000 bushels. Sales of White at 88c afloat, and of yellow at 87a90c.

Rye—Only 100 bushels were offered. We have no sales to report. We quote Maryland at 95a100c, and Pennsylvania and Virginia at 92c.

Oats—There were 1,000 bushels offered, and all sold at 36a37 cents.

WHISKEY—We hear of no sales. We quote City at 28a29c, and Ohio at 30a32c.

Aug. 4.—Flour is dull. Wheat has

COLLEGE MYSTERIES.

The New Haven correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, writing of the commencement at that institution on Monday of last week, says:

The course of study in Yale College is arduous, and the discipline rigorous, but no more so than it ought to be. One of the climaxes of the course is the biennial examination. The seniors were put through this scorching process a few weeks since, to test their qualifications for A. B.'s. Of course there was not a little anxiety among them as to the result, and every method was devised, as usual, to get to windward of the examiners.

The class assembles in divisions, at 8 o'clock in the morning of biennial day, and each man is presented with a printed schedule of questions, in the particular department of study assigned to that division. Two and a half hours are allowed to each man to answer these questions. No books are permitted in the room, nor any intercommunications. The answers must be written down on paper, and the paper handed to the presiding examiner, who sits in the room, watching his perplexed subjects with a sharp eye, but, doubtless, feeling that to himself, this bleaching operation is a decided bore.

The students, fearing a "fizzle" or a "duck," would be very glad to know in advance what the examining questions are to be—so that they may "cram" on them before they go in. But the faculty takes every precaution to prevent their learning this. The schedule or scheme is written out by the examiner in his private room. At 7 o'clock, on examination morning, a tutor takes the schemes and rushes down to the college printer, who immediately sets up the type and prints the required impressions under tutorial eye. The faithful tutor, having seen the type distributed, rushes back to college with the copy and impressions of the schemes, and delivers them to the officers in waiting.

But the seniors this year were too sharp for this tutorial Achates. They got hold of the mathematical and natural philosophy schemes in advance, notwithstanding the precautions of the faculty. The printer's boy had a sore arm. After he had set up the mathematical form and inked it, he wraps a clean white handkerchief closely about his arm, and leaning carelessly upon the types, takes up an impression. He steps out for a moment, and gives the printed handkerchief to a senior in waiting, who carries it away and copies off the formulas for the use of his fellows. This, certainly, was a sharp dodge, and probably cost the lads a trifle.

But they "gobbled" the natural philosophy scheme in a very different way. Professor Olmsted is the examiner in this department, as well as in astronomy. A board was taken out of the floor in the room over the Professor's private bureau, No. 101 North College, and a spot directly over his tall standing desk. The plastering beneath the floor was scraped away to a thin sheet, and a number of small holes punctured through it. Whenever Professor Olmsted entered his room, the eye of a sharp-sighted senior immediately covered these *holes, and kept close watch upon his movements.* At last the moment came. The Professor enters his room, locks the door behind him, looks into the closets, peeps out through the keyhole, goes to his desk, standing directly under that argus eye in the ceiling, spreads out a sheet of paper, takes down his text book to make up the scheme, and, in his large bold hand, writes, "What are the four laws of motion?"

"What are the four laws of motion?" whispers the motionless senior, lying out sprawled at the hole in the floor overhead—and a friend, sitting near, writes down, "What are the four laws of motion?"

So these rogues followed the Professor's pen, transcribing every line written upon the scheme. Then, as you may imagine, there was a general "cramming" through the class, followed by a glorious "rush" on the examination, and the bold fellows earned their degrees.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT BURNED.—The John Jay was burned on the 29th ult., on Lake George, near Garfield. The fire was discovered when the boat had proceeded about eight miles from Ticonderoga. It is said to have been caused by the burning of pitch pine wood, which choked up the smoke pipe so as to drive the fire and smoke into the fire room, compelling the fireman to retreat to the deck for air, without giving him an opportunity to close the doors of the fireboxes. The sparks quickly ignited the wood-work overhead, and the boat was enveloped in flames almost instantly. The flames were kept in subjection for a little while, but it soon became apparent that they could not be subdued. The boat, when the danger appeared imminent, was headed towards the shore in the neighborhood of Garfield's, but it being a rocky bottom, she struck, almost upsetting by the rebound.

It was at this time, it is supposed, that those who were drowned, were either thrown or jumped overboard. And those who remained on the boat—about eighty in number—were in the highest state of excitement. The flames were spreading rapidly, and the passengers were rushing in various directions to escape them. It was impossible to preserve anything like order, and, as the tiller ropes had been burned off, the boat became unmanageable. A few leaped overboard with chairs, and other floating material, and were rescued. The others were taken off in small boats. It is charged that the officers of the boat behaved badly, and that the small boat of the steamer was not launched, as it should have been. This charge, however, should not be too readily credited. The passengers said that if the boat had been put ashore at once, it could have been done upon a sandy beach; but that the captain, in trying to save his boat, lost his passengers.

Mrs. S. C. Erwing, of Boston, Mrs. Edward Belknap, of New York, (both of whom were daughters of Thomas Havens, Esq., of this city,) Miss Renshaw, of New Orleans, Miss C. Fleet, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Metcalf, of Cherry Valley, Frances Mary Sherman, wife of Aaron B. Jones, of Manchester, Conn., and youngest daughter of the late Josiah Sherman, of Albany, were among the lost. The Albany Journal also adds that it was ascertained that at least fifteen persons are dead or missing. The boat was burned to the water's edge. Among the saved are—J. A. White, of New Orleans, J. H. Bragg, Miss Todd, of Harrisburg, Pa., Susan E. Spangler, of York, Pa., and the captain and crew.

A MORMON HIGH PRIEST.—A man calling himself Abraham, and claiming to be a high priest of the Mormon church at Salt Lake city, came to St. Louis recently, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing goods. He visited freely among the Mormons in that city for a short time, and finally took a fancy to a widow lady and her daughter, and proposed to add them to the number of his wives, of which he said he had already quite a number. Neither mother nor daughter, however, were favorable to this arrangement, but he said they were spiritually his wives, and that he had been sent for them, and attempted to force them to his will. The daughter successfully resisted his efforts, and after scratching the scoundrel's face pretty well, made her escape; but the mother was overpowered by him and outraged. The next day she entered a complaint against her spiritual husband before the bishop of the Mormon church, and so the matter rests among themselves, without being brought before a court of law.

CONDITION OF THE MORMONS.—The St. Louis Republican has letters from Fort Laramie, of June 14, containing the following intelligence:—

"We have met with several parties of the Saints returning from Salt Lake to the States. All we met gave a terrible picture of the state of affairs there now. The poorer class had to subsist for months on roots—such as thistle, coco, &c., which the Indians gather and sell to them for one dollar per bushel. The grasshoppers, which caused the famine last year, have commenced again this season, and bid fair to destroy the present crop of wheat and vegetables. Many of them appeared very much dissatisfied with the Mormon faith, and stated that they had been deceived. That the poor had everything taken from them in the shape of tithes and taxes to support a few leaders in the church. Be this as it may, many of those we met were real objects of pity, and give evidence, in their utter destitution, that Mormonism affords but little food for the body, at least, let it be as it will with the soul.

RAILROAD LANDS.—The Secretary of the Interior has recommended to Congress the passage of a law fixing the time within which the map of the definite location of certain railroads may be filed at the *General and Local Land Office.* He suggests that the period of twelve months be designated for that purpose, applicable to the grants of land made at the present session of Congress for railroad purposes. Otherwise, that immediate steps be taken by the proper department for restoring any lands to entry and location which may have been withdrawn for such railroads. At present there is no time fixed for filing maps or completing selections of lands; and hence the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, made at the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Wilson, the acting Commissioner of the General Land Office.

PRENTICE ON RIFLES.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, speaks as follows of the Brooks and Burlingame difficulty:—

"Mr. Burlingame, being challenged by Mr. Brooks, decided to fight in Canada with rifles, Mr. Brooks confessed himself afraid to go to Canada, and therefore determined not to pursue either Mr. Burlingame or the quarrel. He announces, however, that he is willing to accept a challenge from Mr. Burlingame. Evidently, he is for getting rid of the rifles. Rifles are bad things. They make ugly holes in folks. Their balls enter a fellow screw fashion."

POLITICAL NEWS.

MR. FILLMORE AND THE ORDER OF UNITED AMERICANS.—The Order of United Americans having endorsed and adopted the nominations of Fillmore and Donelson, Mr. Fillmore has made them a reply to their letter announcing to him the result of their action. He says:—

"My position before the country is well known, admitting neither of disguise nor equivocation. I am the candidate of the American party, but I see nothing inconsistent with that position or dishonorable, either to myself or those who may support me, in receiving the votes of all those who knowing my position, prefer to cast them for me; and I feel peculiarly flattered where it is done, as in your case, on the ground of my past official acts. I, therefore, accept the nomination so generously tendered by the Order of United Americans, and hope they may never have reason to regret this signal proof of confidence."

OHIO.—Dayton, Ohio, July 30.—The Young Men's Republican Convention assembled here today, and attracted an immense assemblage, by some estimated at between 75,000 and 100,000. Cassius M. Clay and Mr. Burlingame were among the speakers. In the evening a torchlight procession was formed, and there was a brilliant display of fireworks, and an intense enthusiasm was exhibited.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Lancaster, July 31.—Committees representing the Americans, Whigs and Republicans, of this county, met here to-day, and agreed upon a call for a Union Convention to nominate a county ticket. The call is addressed to all citizens, without regard to their past political divisions, who are opposed to the Cincinnati platform as endorsed by Mr. Buchanan, and to the extension of slavery into free territory, and in favor of the Union. The action of the Committee was harmonious, and the call was adopted unanimously.

Hon. John Hickman has been nominated for re-election by the Democratic Convention in West Chester, having first announced his adhesion to the Cincinnati platform and Mr. Buchanan.

DUNN THROWN OVERBOARD.—A private despatch to the Cincinnati Commercial, dated Madison, July 24, says that the Convention of the 4th Congressional District of Indiana, met on that day at Columbus. On the first ballot G. G. Dunn received but 39 votes, while J. A. Hendricks received 113, and the latter was then nominated by acclamation.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The special election in the districts of South Carolina, lately represented by Messrs. Brooks and Keitt, have resulted in the unanimous re-election of both. Brooks received 7,800 votes, and $600 were contributed towards the fine. The Governor of South Carolina sent certificates of election to Washington in advance. The vote for Keitt was also large.

NEW YORK.—The Hard and Soft Shell Conventions fraternized at Syracuse. The question of fusion was discussed at the afternoon sessions of the two Conventions, with considerable spirit, and finally ended in the dissolution of the Soft Convention and its fusion with the Hards. The joint Conventions then permanently organized, by the selection of W. C. Crane, of Herkimer, as President.

The President was conducted to the chair by Judge Beardsley and John Cochrane. On taking his seat, Mr. Crane briefly returned thanks, congratulating the Democracy on the glorious spectacle of a Union founded on the Cincinnati platform.

In the evening the Union Convention, after appointing a Committee on Resolutions, proceeded to an informal ballot for a candidate for Governor.

On the first ballot, Addison Gardner stood 69; D. L. Seymour 46; A. J. Parker 33; Fernando Wood 25; H. Seymour 21; Augustus Schell 11; Erastus Corning 9, and scattering 20.

Second ballot—Addison Gardner 78; Seymour 67; Wood 26; Parker 39; Vanderbilt 18; Scattering 26.

Messrs. Wood, Seymour and others withdrew, and after another informal ballot, Addison Gardner withdrew in favor of Amasa J. Parker, who was nominated on the fourth ballot, and subsequently made unanimous.

The next day, Judge Vanderbilt was nominated for Lieut. Governor by acclamation. Addison Gardner and David L. Seymour were nominated as the electors at large. John L. Russell was nominated for Canal Commissioner, Matthew Brennan for State Prison Inspector, and H. G. Warner for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

Resolutions endorsing the Cincinnati Platform passed by acclamation.

During the proceedings the following despatch was received from Hon. James Buchanan, in answer to one announcing their Union:

To Wm. C. Crane, Esq., President of the Consolidated Democratic Convention of the New York Democracy.

Mr. Buchanan has received the resolution of the Consolidated Convention of the New York Democracy. Their union at this eventful crisis is one of the grandest events in our history. Our cause will now weather the storm of fanaticism, and the Union must and shall be preserved. The whole Southern country will hail this re-union as a rainbow in the clouds promising a return of the peace and harmony which prevailed in the good old times among sister States. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

FIDELITY TO DUTY.—Mr. T. L. Berry, baggagemaster of the Fall River train, who was on board the Empire State when the late accident occurred, informs us that he had just been speaking to the third engineer, Ezra Williamson, at the door of the engine-room, when the explosion took place. Mr. Berry sprang forward and escaped injury, but Mr. Williamson, obeying a dictate of duty, stopped the engine before he left the room and then ran upon the deck.

Berry followed him and raised him up when he fell, and the first words he spoke after the accident, and almost the last he ever articulated were, "Did I stop the engine?" The poor fellow fell a victim to his sense of duty, and but for his fidelity and devotion, the boat would have been disabled so as to render her return to Fall River impossible. Mr. Williamson was a favorite with the officers and crew of the steamer, and was considered, as he proved at the expense of his life, a faithful and capable engineer.—*Boston Herald.*

MEXICO.—The Picayune has advices from Monterey, Mexico, to the 15th inst., from which we learn that trouble has arisen between Comonfort, the new President, and Vidaurri, Governor of Nuevo Leon.

It appears the former demanded of the Governor obedience to his commands, which the latter refused, and ridiculed his authority. It was believed Comonfort would attempt to enforce obedience, in which event bloodshed was apprehended.

A CAUCE EXPERIMENT.—The owner of the celebrated race horse "Sacramento," *recently attempted to trot him 100 miles in* ten consecutive hours in California; but the poor animal gave out on the 77th mile and soon expired. This feat has been performed only four times, and but two horses have survived the task.

THESE ARE TRYING TIMES!—We mean it literally; with the mercury at 100 degrees in the shade, we spasmodically exclaim, to the language of one of our gifted poets:

"Too hot to write, too hot to think,
Too hot for anything,
The muse herself scarce dares to rise
Her quivering sunburnt wing."

We have scarce strength left to say, if you would be comparatively cool, procure a Summer suit at once from the painful store of Granville Stokes, No. 326 Chestnut Street.

BRONCHITIS AND COUGH, which so often terminate fatally in our northern latitudes, are easily arrested in a majority of cases if recourse is had to the Wild Cherry preparation of Dr. Wistar. Abundant evidence of this fact has been given.

READ THIS, and learn that 25 cents laid out in a box of Dupuo's Catarrh Snuff will enable you to cure the worst forms of cold in the head, sore eyes, deafness, singing in the ears, and pain in the head.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. 1eAtf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. JAYNE & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1851 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single Fit;* the *use of my limbs has returned,* and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and, I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct in thereto set forth.

William Kitchen,	C. B. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	C. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,
J. B. Moore.	

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PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Doctor Franklin tells a very interesting story of how, in his youth, he "paid too dear for his whistle," by spending all his half pence upon a petty toy. Had the boy possessed the wisdom that afterwards distinguished the man, and had the circumstances served, he would have expended his money in the purchase, for himself, of one of those elegant suits of youth's clothing got up at Rockhill & Wilson's Brown Stone Clothing Hall, Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut Street.

CHILLS AND FEVER SUFFERERS.—Read the letter from *G. P. R. James,* the celebrated author and British Consul in another column. aug2 2teow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Edward Lounsbery, Mr. H. LEVIS ASH, to Miss KATE MCDONOUGH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN H. TALBOT, of London, Canada West, to Miss JANE ROBINSON.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph Belcher, D. D., assisted by the Rev. D. E. Cheney, Mr. FREDERICK BELCHER, son of the officiating Clergyman, to ELVIRA G. daughter of Freeman Scott, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOSEPH HEMPHILL, to Miss MAGGIE C. daughter of the late Thos. Jackson.

On the 21st ultimo, in New York, by the Rev. Doctor Tyng, Mr. OTTO HEFTY, to ANNIE V. THORNE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church, JOHN L. KIRK, of Philadelphia, formerly of New Castle, Del. to MAGGIE F. GRACE, of Paulsboro', N. J.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. Henry Darling, Mr. WILLIAM H. SKERRETT, to Miss ELLEN TAPIC, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. NICHOLAS F. HICKMAN, to Miss ANN H. SCULL, both of May's Landing, N. J.

In Macaynak, on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOSEPH N. HEIL, of Schuylkill Falls, to Miss SARAH E. STODDARD, of Plattsburg, N. J.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. F. F. Mayer, D. D., JOHN A. ZERBER, to MARY ALICE, daughter of Richard Holt.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN TURNER, to Miss SARAH LENCH, both of this city.

In Baltimore, on the 23th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Van Zant, Mr. WILLIAM H. EDGAR, to Miss AMELIA A. DANIELS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev Chas. J. Thompson, Mr. GEORGE H. CHRISTOPHER, of Accomac county, Va. to Miss ANN L. CONT, of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Christmas, Mr. JOHN STEWART, to MARY J. CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. H. G. Clark, Mr. JONATHAN BUTCHER, of Salem, N. J. to Miss ELLA J. RICE, daughter of the late Capt. Urban Rice, of East Weymouth, Mass.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. E. H. Harlow, Mr. J. WILSON TIDES, to Miss FANNY WARN, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Sleyman, Mr. GEORGE E. STEPHENS, of Philadelphia, to Miss SUSAN HOWARD, of York, Pa.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. RICHARD OWENS, to Miss ELMIRA C. DAVIS, both of Baltimore.

On the 29th ultimo, by the same, Mr. OBADIAH TAYLOR, of Trenton, New Jersey, to Miss EMMA B. SMITH, of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Robertson, Mr. SAMUEL BERRY, of Philadelphia, to MARY H. HARRISON, of Belleville.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, ANNE M. daughter of Jacob Serrill, aged 21 years.

On the 25th ultimo, HARRIET P. daughter of Wesley and Jane Graham, aged 28 months.

On the 30th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of Jas. and Catharine McKenna, aged 3 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. MARTHA SLOAN, aged 83 years.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM HENRY, son of Francis and Margaret Henry, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARY WISTERS, aged 74 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. BERNARD MAGUIRE, aged 71 years.

On the 30th ultimo, JAMES, son of Francis and Susan Ash, aged 22 months.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN FAUNCE, aged 77 years.

On the 30th ultimo, HARRY, son of Henry W. and Elizabeth Harberger, aged 6 years and 7 months.

On the 29th ultimo, WILLIAM, son of David and Mary Thompson, aged 21 months.

On the 30th ultimo, MICHAEL O'DONNEL, aged 63 years.

On the 28th ultimo, HANNAH LOCINA, daughter of Theodore and Amanda M. Glentworth, aged 3 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. MARY, wife of Christopher Nevins, aged 55 years.

On the 29th ultimo, HENRY CARPENTER, aged 19 years.

On the 29th ultimo, STEPHEN D. CHILD, son of John and Ellenor Pressler, aged 3 years.

On the 28th ultimo, in Haddonfield, N. J., SAMUEL WILKINS, Sr. aged 74 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANN MYERS, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH KEYSARET, aged 100.

On the 28th ultimo, THOMAS, son of Moses Kennedy, aged 23 years.

On the 28th ultimo, HONORIA, wife of Joseph E. Erwin, aged 68 years.

On the 28th ultimo, JAMES STEWART, for many years Overseer in the Eastern Penitentiary, aged 60 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Isaac C. Fullerton, aged 24 years.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY ANN, daughter of Alexander and Ann McCool, aged 17 years.

At Elenton, Chester county, on the 26th ultimo, Miss ALICE ANN, daughter of the late Jos. B. Ramedy, aged 24 years.

On the 27th ultimo, JAMES, son of Wm. and Sarah Orr, aged 14 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN LAWRENCE, aged 44 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. HENRY JOHNSTON, aged 41 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY, daughter of John and Mary McLaughlin, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 26th ultimo, JOHN D. son of John D. and Caroline Sloan, aged 23 years.

On the 26th ultimo, in Norristown, Montgomery county, JOSHUA JONES, Jr aged 32 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JAMES CUMMINGS, aged 29 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, aged 79.

On the 26th ultimo, ADAM JOHNSTON, Sr. aged 80 years.

On the 26th ultimo, CHARLES HENRY, son of Simeon H. and Mary H. Pine, aged 3 years.

On the 27th ultimo, JAMES, son of James and Ann Fallon, aged 8 years and 6 months.

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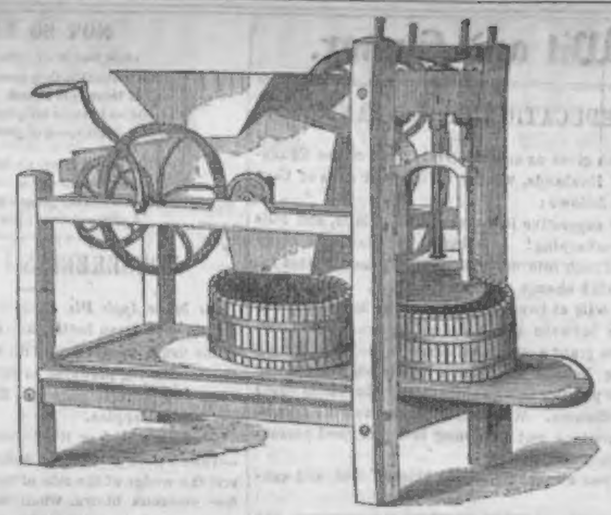

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This desirable Mill, the merits of which have been so fully tested during the past two years, having been materially improved in all its important points, is now offered to the public with renewed confidence. Determined, if possible, to have it *right* in every particular, every effort has been made to accomplish that desirable object. The *Screws* for pressing has been greatly improved, and the whole pressing arrangements so strengthened as to prevent the possibility of breaking. The Grinding arrangements, which are peculiar, and altogether superior to any other, have been materially improved, so as to combine greater rapidity with greater ease. Every part of the frame is tightened by strong joint bolts. A very large and heavy fly-wheel has been added, which is equally adapted to hand and horse-power. In a word, it is no boasting to say, that in point of workmanship, durability and complete adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended,
KRAUSER'S CIDER-MILL
Now Stands Without A Rival in the Market.
We, therefore, confidently invite Farmers and

Wit and Humor.

EDUCATION OF HUSBANDS.

Punch gives us an excellent article on the Education of Husbands, worthy of the best days of Caudle, as follows:

How suggestive is the new year of bills, and bills of housekeeping! It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn. We would no more grant a marriage license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license on that ground only to practice as an apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We would like to have the following questions put to young inexperienced persons about to marry:

Are you aware, sir, of the price of coal and candles?

Do you know which is the most economical, the fitch, bone or the round?

How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family?

How much dearer, now, is silver than Britannia?

Please to give the average price of a four-poster?

Declare, if you can, rash youth, the sum per annum that chemisettes, pelerines, cardinals, bonnets, veils, caps, ribbons, flowers, gloves, cuffs and collars, would come to in the lump?

If unable to answer these inquiries, we would say to him, "Go back to school."

He that would be a husband should also undergo a training, physical and moral. He should be further examined thus:

Can you read or write, amid the noise and yells of the nursery?

Can you wait any given time for breakfast?

Can you maintain your serenity during a washing day?

Can you cut your old friends?

Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason?

Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?

Can you do what you are told without being told why?

In one word, young sir, have you the patience of Job?

If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "yes," take your license and marry—not else.

To this a lady writer makes the following addenda, under the head of "Questions to a Girl before Marrying"—

Are you aware of the price of cigars, clubs, and oysters?

Do you know how to make a piece of tough, dry meat *rich, juicy and tender?*

Can you "get up" an abundant, tasteful, and savory dinner, *on short notice*, and with twenty-five cents in your pocket?

Can you bear the frequent presentation of bills with no money to meet them.

Is your wardrobe well stocked? except not to have it often replenished.

Can you bear with the cries of children, pinched by ou'grown shoes?

Can you wait any given time for supper?

Can you maintain your serenity during political discussions?

Can you cut *your* old friends?

Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?

Can you do what you are told, without being told why?

Can you bear to hear the oft repeated "wonder where the money all goes," whenever you humbly ask for a barrel of flour or a ton of coal?

In one word, have you *twice* the patience of Job?

A SHARP JURY.—A few years ago, when the famous reform measure, the "County Court" system was in vogue, there was a trial called on in one of the interior counties of Michigan. A jury was called, the case was heard, and the twelve wise men withdrew to deliberate. After a short absence, they returned into court and took their seats. The roll being called, the Judge asked them if they had agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman. Young man, we have.

Judge. Well, sir, for whom do you find?

Foreman. For ourselves.

Judge. What do you mean, sir?

Foreman. We mean that we have found a verdict for one of the parties, which you can have by paying our fees.

Judge. But, sir, you have been regularly empannelled, and are bound to deliver your verdict now, and look to the county for your pay.

Foreman. Now, Judge, don't talk so. It's no use. I'll be hanged if you can have the verdict until you pay us our fees. We understand how to get our pay in the County Court, but this *one horse* court we don't understand.

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all," said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington, N. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client, who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astonished by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said: "I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," he answered, "but you see when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was *coram non judice*."

"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it;" and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

A KNOWING MAN.—Two friends were lately speaking of a certain New York publisher whose kindness of disposition has been frequently abused to his injury, when one remarked:—"P. is a noble fellow, and might have been rich, but his heart is so kind that he never can bear to say no to an application to publish." "Yes," replied the other, "a publisher must be a *no-ing* man, and a *knowing* man, or he will soon find himself *an owing* man!"—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

ACCIDENT IN THE HIGHLANDS.—An unfortunate tourist lately met with a deplorable accident in Glencatcham. He was foolish enough to write a few lines in a young lady's album, wherein, ignorantly or imprudently, he described himself as "her owe." He was instantly claimed by the "foony wee thing" as her husband, and found, when it was too late, that he had got himself married to her.—*Punch.*

ANECDOTE.—A young apprentice to the shoemaking business, lately asked his master what answer he should make to the oft-repeated question—"Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Tom?" says the master; "tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they do not, that I will make them *good for nothing*."

TEXAN GAME.—Sporting gentleman, newly arrived in Texas—"Any game hereabouts, sir?"

Texan—"Reckon so, and plenty of 'em. There's bluff, poker, and euchre, and all-fours, and monte, and jest as many others as you like to play at."

NOT SO BAD.

FROM THE SOUT-TOWN DIALECT.

Oh! would'st thou know, my lady,
If there is to be seen
Hiding in these my peepers,
A single speck of *green?*

Oh, seek it there, my lady,
Nay, be not coy or slow,
And when the green's discovered
I prithee let me know?

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

To Make Apple Pie Without Apples.—Take flour, a little good fresh butter, &c., in the usual way, and in the usual proportions with which you make your crust. Having prepared everything, you cut up one apple and put it in your pie. This will then be apple pie without apples.

To Open a Desk or Work-Box when the Key is Lost.—Take a good strong iron wedge and an old axe. Insert the wedge at the side of the lock and strike it a few vigorous blows, when the Desk or Box will open without the aid of a key.

To Keep Flies from Meat.—Rub the meat well with salt and then sink it at the bottom of a tub of water. It will be perfectly safe from all flies.

How to Make a Hat Water-Proof.—Take a pound of glue. Melt it. Give your hat a thick coating of this and let it stand a week. Then give it a good boiling in a copper of tar. After this take it to a tinsmith's and get it covered with good stout sheet tin. Paint as your taste directs.

To Make Sponge Cake.—Get a nice piece of velvet sponge at the druggists. Cover it with a thin paste, and bake lightly fifteen minutes. Cut with a sharp knife and serve with cold water.

To Measure Yourself for a Pair of Shoes.—Let the cook make a large batch of dough of the best quality of flour. When this is properly made, put your foot in it, and let it be placed in the oven with your foot until it is completely baked. The model thus left will be just the measure of your foot, and an excellent guide for the shoemaker.

How to Make Potatoes Mealy.—Peel the potatoes, place them in a kettle of clean water, (wouldn't recommend soap suds,) and keep them over the fire until a fork passes readily through them. Then dredge well with flour. Your potatoes will then be found very mealy.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

"HEADS."—A somewhat consequential but evidently verdant individual, approached one of the delivery windows, at the Post-Office, a short time since; and addressing the clerk then and there on duty, said—

"Do you keep heads here?"

"Heads?" answered the clerk.

"Yes, heads," was the reply.

"Oh," responded the clerk, "you mean stamps?"

"Well, stamps."

A stamp was produced and closely examined by the "outsider."

"How much for this?" asked he.

"Three cents."

"Suppose I take a hundred—can you not let me have them cheaper?"

"No, not if you take a million."

"Then give me a dozen or so, for the sample, and if I like them, I will purchase a quantity."

The clerk entered into an explanation of the nature and value of postage stamps, showing that it was impossible for him to abate their price or give them away—when the fellow turned upon his heel and departed, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against an establishment that was too stingy to "throw off" or give samples.

AN OBITUARY ADVERTISEMENT.—"Died, on the eleventh ultimo, at the shop in Fleet Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew him and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only 1 pound 4 shillings each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable charge than any house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality."

PADDY ON AMERIKY.—One of the best definitions of an Irishman's idea of America, that we ever saw, is contained in the following extract from "Fairy Circle," a tale in John Brougham's Irish Echoes:

"Where did 'baccy come from, Corney?" inquired Mary.

"Why, from 'Meriky, where else?" he replied, "that sent us the first pitaty. Long life to it, for both, says I!"

"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"

"Meriky is it? They tell me it's mighty sizable, Moll, darling. I'm told that you might rowl England through it, and it would hardly make a dint in the ground; there's *fresh water* oceans inside of it that might drown England in, and save Father Matther a wonderful sight of trouble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests an' you never be able to find it out, except maybe, it might be by the smell of whisky. If I had only a trifle of money I'd go an' seek my fortin there."

ECHO ANSWERING.—"What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?"—"write."

"Speaking of the Eastern war, one asked what will be the expense?"—"pence."

"What's necessary for a farmer to assist him?"—"system."

"What would give a blind man the greatest delight?"—"sight."

"What's the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?"—"peace."

"Who commits the greatest abominations?"—"nations."

"What cry is the great terrifier?"—"fire."

"What are some women's chief exercise?"—"sighs."

"Who is more beautiful than she? I demand an answer."—"Ann, sir."

A THOUGHT.—I remember that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were to again destroy civilization. Alas! it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, and ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric.—*Macaulay.*

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.—There are fewer tastes of a happy home within than the flower decorated window and neatly kept garden; and there is no occupation for the leisure hours more calculated to keep it so, or to soothe the mind. It yields pleasure without surfeit; the more we advance, the more eager we become. And how unlike is this to most of our worldly engagements? To those blessed with children, how delightful it is to bend their young minds to a pursuit so full of utility and intellectual instruction, combined with the advantages usually accompanying industry; and in children, carefulness and thought about their plants will lead to the same feelings respecting other matters.

A SEA-SHORE SCENE.

The very idea of work this oppressive weather is repugnant to my feelings.—*Extract of a letter from a young friend.*

Agricultural.

OHIO FARMING LANDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—The more I become acquainted with desirable places for emigration, the more I am satisfied that Northwestern Ohio is the most desirable. I will mention some chances that at present offer. The far west has been the rage for many years, so that emigrants pass over many of the best locations without stopping to inquire if they cannot do better nearer home. I have no doubt but thousands had better have remained home, than emigrated at all—getting rich at farming depends more upon the individual than upon the location—but if there is a willingness to live a little less comfortable to make money faster, then I say come to this vicinity—land is as cheap here as farther west, and equal in fertility—plank-roads are here in all directions—churches, school-houses, railroad depots and canals are everywhere. Lands here can be paid for in one season by selling the wood and timber. Getting out hoops and staves is a first-rate business—ship knees, ship-timber, and lumber of all kinds also pays well. Our timber consists of white oak, black walnut, hickory, ash, beech, elm, black and red oak, bass, and some white wood. The white oak is made into staves and ship timber, and also into spikes and ties. The ash is made into hoops. A great deal of timber is sent to New York. The oak of Trinity Church in New York was sent from here. There are no large forests east nor west of this region, so that timber of all kinds is valuable. A farmer can here buy on credit a wood lot—five hundred dollars will get the wood and timber ready for market, and clear the land during one Winter, so that a farmer, coming here in the Fall, can get his farm cleared up and paid for out of the wood and timber, by Spring. Cord wood sells here at three dollars a cord. The railroads buy wood anywhere along the track. Fortunes are here being made with steam saw-mills.

On the east side of the Maumee River, (upon which river this place is situated,) is a dense forest. The soil is very rich clay loam, well drained, and very fertile. On the west side of the river are oak opening and prairies. Their soil is sandy loam. Along the river are extensive bottom lands, of the finest kind. Emigrants can here find sand, loam, or clay soil, whichever they prefer, by going in the different directions. Again, the wood and timber afford a *Winter harvest* to the farmer; so he can make money the year round. Whenever he wants any money, he can sell a load of wood or some timber.

In regard to markets, everything sells here for cash—fifteen to twenty cents is the freight on a bushel of grain to the city of New York, and as the land here produces twice as much to the acre as it does East, farming here pays the best. The oak openings and prairies are very fine for raising stock; a man needs only buy a small plain, say 80 or 100 acres, which he can do at three dollars an acre, and can have a range of miles for pasture—it costs nothing for pasture, and the prairies will furnish the hay for the winter—raising stock, particularly horses, cattle and mules, here pays first-rate; this part of the country is just being opened—all our railroads have been made within a few years, and our most important ones are not yet finished—but will be in a few months; now is the time to come here; it is only one day's ride from Philadelphia or New York. This city affords great chances for merchants, capitalists and mechanics; we have enough professional men at present (no there is everywhere.) Seven years ago Toledo had 3,000 inhabitants, now it has 20,000 inhabitants.

This region also abounds in game, such as deer, turkeys, raccoons, opossums, squirrels, pigeons, ducks, &c., &c. Also, our streams abound in pike, pickerel, muscalunge, bass, perch, and white fish.

Yours truly, JAS. H. CAMPBELL.

Toledo, July, 1856.

DOCTORING CLOVER SEED.—The practice of "doctoring" clover seeds was carried to such a fearful extent some years ago, as to be made a subject of inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons. White clover seed was first wet, and then exposed to the fumes of burning sulphur; while the bright blue color of the red variety was improved by being shaken in a bag with indigo, or "with a preparation of logwood tinctured with a little copperas, and sometimes with verdigris." Not only was old seed improved in appearance by these means, but often the germinating power of the best seed was completely destroyed. From 6 to 8 pounds of seed will generally be found enough to sow, mixed with rye-grass, if the seed is good; but as we are quite uncertain of what we are purchasing, we would recommend a much larger quantity to be sown. Some have recommended as much as 24 lbs.; while others, amongst whom are some of the best farmers in the Lothians, never sow less than 16 lbs., either of red clover alone, or mixed with white and yellow. White clover should never be sown in fields intended to be cut for hay, nor red in fields intended to remain in pasture more than one year. We should never forget the principal use of red clover, either as green fodder for cattle, or for hay; and in our endeavors to produce a heavy crop, we should guard against raising a coarse plant. Our object will be best attained here by having as many plants as possible; for the thicker the plants, the finer will be the stems, while a plant here and there will be sure to produce a coarse, woody stem, which is never so well relished by animals; and hence the great advantage of thick seeding.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

ANOTHER WAY OF KILLING OUT DAISIES.—Norman Porter, Esq., of Berlin, top dresses two years running with barn-yard manure for destroying daisies; the first nearly does the business, and the second makes a finish of them.—*Maine Farmer.*

LANGSTROTH ON THE BEE.

The Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of Philadelphia, has devoted many years to the observation of the habits and nature of bees, and has discovered several interesting particulars regarding them. We make a few extracts from an article by this gentleman, in the Journal of the United States Agricultural Society. He has invented a hive so that the top can be lifted off at pleasure, and as much of the honey or comb removed as desired, it being attached to movable bars or slides. "Many persons," says he, "have been unable to control their expressions of wonder and astonishment on seeing me open hive after hive, removing the combs covered with bees, and shaking them off in front of the hives, exhibiting the queen, transferring the bees to another hive, and, in short, dealing with them as if they were so many flies. I have sometimes been asked if the bees had not been subjected to a long course of instruction to prepare them for public exhibition; when in some cases the very hives which I was opening, contained swarms which had been brought only one day before to my establishment." The principles which Mr. L. proceeds upon, he thus lays down:—

1. *A honey bee never ventures an attack, nor acts on the offensive, when it is gorged with honey.* This is seen in the case of hiving a new swarm. When the bees are intending to swarm, they fill their honey-bags to the utmost capacity, and thus have materials ready for commencing a new hive; but at the same time they are then in the most peaceable mood that can well be imagined, and, unless they are abused, allow themselves to be treated with great familiarity. In such swarms, however, there are generally some hungry ones, which, like hungry men, vent their spite on all that approach them.

2. *Bees cannot, under any circumstances, resist the temptation to fill themselves with liquid sweets.* If then we can contrive a way to call their attention to a treat of running sweets, when we wish to perform any operation which might provoke them, we may be sure they will accept it, and allow us without molestation to do what we please. I always keep a small watering-pot or sprinkler in my apiary, and whenever I wish to operate on a hive, as soon as the cover is taken off, I sprinkle them gently with water sweetened with sugar. They help themselves with the greatest eagerness, and in a few moments are in a perfectly manageable state. The truth is, that bees managed on this plan are always glad to see visitors, and you cannot look in upon them too often, for they expect at every call to receive a sugar treat by way of a peace-offering. Those who are timid, may, at first, use a "bee dress," though they will soon discard everything of the kind, unless they are those to whom the bees have an especial aversion. Such unfortunates are sure to be stung, whenever they show themselves in the vicinity of a bee-hive, and they will do well to give the bees a very wide berth.

Apiarians have for many years employed tobacco-smoke for subduing their bees. It deprives them at once of all disposition to sting, but it ought never to be used for such a purpose. If the hives will not permit the bees to be sprinkled with sugar-water, the smoke of burning paper or rags will answer every purpose, and the bees will not be likely to resent it; whereas, when they recover from the effects of tobacco, they not unfrequently remember, and in no gentle way, the operator who administered the nauseous dose. Let all your motions about your hives be gentle and slow; accustom your bees to your presence; never crush or injure them in any operation; acquaint yourself fully with the principles of management—and you will find that you have little more reason to dread the sting of a bee, than the horns of your favorite cow, or the heels of your faithful horse.

We recommend a perusal of this essay to any one interested in bee-culture, as it contains a great deal of novel and most interesting information.—*Prairie Farmer.*

REMEDY FOR THE CURCULIO.—A friend of mine informs me that two years since, while regaling himself with a genuine Havana cigar, he happened to be by one of his plum trees of a still morning, when the plums were beginning to set, and thought he would try what effect the smoke might have upon the olfactories of the curculio. He bent down one limb, smoked it well, and that limb bore full of perfect plums, while the rest on the same tree were stung by the curculio and dropped off. These facts are reliable, as my friend's veracity is beyond suspicion, and I ate some of the plums. Now, if any covering was thrown over a tree, on a still morning, a good smoke generated of refuse tobacco, or any other, underneath, and so done once or twice thoroughly, the experiment would be demonstrated with scarcely any expense, and if successful, would be worth millions of dollars to the people of this State.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A friend informs us that he has tried the effect of smoke upon the curculio, and found it effectual. It is worth a trial. A smudge, such as are used for driving off mosquitoes, may be started under the trees with little trouble.

GREEN FRUIT.—Never permit green fruit to decay on the soil beneath the trees. In every apple, pear, plum and cherry, which is prematurely cast, there exists a minute insect which eats its way out in time, and becomes the source of evil to the succeeding crop. Gather all up, and either feed them to your domestic animals or dispose of them in some way which will secure you against the results which must necessarily ensue from neglect. Swine turned into orchards the last of June, and permitted to have access till the fruit is gathered, guard against insects by destroying the wormy fruit that produces them.

HALVING HAY.—Those who are in the habit of placing salt before cattle, know that during the winter season they will take but little. A cow consuming a ton of hay in the cold months, we are confident, would not voluntarily consume two quarts of salt—and yet many farmers are in the habit of applying eight quarts to a ton. This is probably the source of many of the recent diseases among cattle. It leads also to the slovenly practice of getting in the hay in a damp or partially cured state, under the idea that the salt will preserve all its virtues.

FLOWERS FOR WINTER.

Most plants require seasons of repose, and those plants we cultivate which are natives of tropical climes, usually have their's in the dry season when much of the vegetation is dried up. It is so with the Fuchsia, and those who contemplate growing a few of the free flowering ones for winter, will do well for the next six weeks to thoroughly dry off such plants, by almost entirely withdrawing the supply of water. The leaves as a natural consequence will fall off, but this is to be expected, and in no wise injures the plants, but really fits them to start into fresh growth, as soon as water is again supplied. Previous to this the branches should be pruned in, and water only sparingly given at first, increasing with the growth of the young shoots. There is one one kind called Speciosa, invaluable for winter flowering, and which in a hot-house will get of very large size by spring, and never be without abundance of flowers. F. serrulata and its varieties, are the best for flowering in the green-house.

Geraniums are no exception to this rule of rest, and the period may be considered to commence when the flowering is over, and terminating when new growth has freely started, or about the beginning of September. During all this time but little water will be required, and from the time they are cut down in July or August, till repotted into smaller pots, hardly any will be required if kept partially shaded from the scorching sun, which they should be.

Cuttings may be put in at the time they are cut down. Select the shortest and stockiest shoots with a growing point, and divest them of most of their leaves; keep rather dry till they show symptoms of growth, and success is pretty certain.

Mignonette should now be sown in pots for winter flowering. When up, thin out to three or four in a pot, and they will form nice little bushes; or if preferred, a neat bush may be grown from single plants. If a few small plants are taken up carefully from the borders, that is, with as much of the root as possible with it, and potted in rich compost, into thumb pots, kept under glass, shaded and moist, for a few days, and then freely exposed to the open air to prevent drawing up spindly, which they soon would do and as the pots yet filled with roots repotted into a size or two larger, till fall, pinching off the flowers as they appear, they will make very pretty plants. By following this method we have repeatedly had bushes a foot or more in diameter, loaded with flowers, making the atmosphere of a green-house in winter as redolent as a walk in the garden in midsummer. That universal winter flower, the camellia, being destitute of fragrance makes it imperative on the bouquet-maker to obtain it in other flowers, and there are few more agreeable and useful for the purpose than the mignonette.—*E. Saunders, in Country Gentleman.*

CULTIVATION OF THE WATER LILY.—A lady subscriber inquires if she cannot cultivate the common white water lily of our lakes and ponds, so as to obtain them without being under the necessity of taking a boat or wading into deep water for them?

We answer yes. You want a place where you can supply them with the requisites for nourishing them. They are at home in water and mud. It is not necessary that either should be very deep. We once had them grow in a place which was overflowed in winter by a dam placed across a small stream, and in the spring the dam was opened and the water passed off, except in some cavities where it remained, keeping the mud somewhat moist.

In these spots we had some beautiful white water lilies; some of them grew very large. The stems, not being floated by the water, grew up strong, but not very long. By getting some of the roots and crushing them into the mud with your foot, they will grow. It is possible, if you should fish up some of the seeds from the bottom of the ponds in the fall, (for the seeds ripen at the bottom of the ponds,) and plant them in such muddy places, they will germinate and grow. The experiment can be easily tried. We think that the roots should be covered with water in the winter, and thereby be prevented from freezing.—*Maine Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS.—Take a common fruit jar, with a tin cover, made like a shoe-black box. The jar and the cover will probably cost a dime, and hold a quart. Any of the cements that are used for sealing cans or jars will do for this. Heat your fruit, either in the jars or in some other vessel, and pour it in the jar (previously warming them.) Now pour enough cement in the cover to give the bottom and side a tin coat. When the cement becomes slightly stiff, apply the cover over the jar, the jar having been well filled, and turn the jar *upside down: and here is the invention.* As fruit jars have a lip, you now have a little trough to fill with cement and the work is done. Let your jars get cold standing on their covers, and put them away in the same position.

It is the steam escaping in the common way of sealing or soldering cans, that leaves so many of them imperfect. My plan entirely obviates this difficulty, as the steam or vapor is always on top of the fruit. This arrangement, you perceive, is really a chemist's *pneumatic trough*, and there is no danger, when your fruit has cooled down and created a vacuum, that the external atmospheric pressure will force the corks in.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

LORD PEMBROKE'S RECIPE FOR MAKING PORT WINE.—A short time back, at a public dinner, Lord Palmerston related a pleasant story, how a certain Lord Pembroke was in the habit of telling his guests that for the goodness of all his other wines they had the assurance only of his wine merchants, but for the excellence of the port he could personally vouch, *having made it himself.* The following, a correspondent informs us, is the veritable recipe which his Lordship adopted:—Eight gallons of genuine port wine, forty gallons of cider, brandy to fill the hogshead. Elder tops will give it the proper roughness, and cochineal whatever strength of coloring you please. The quantity made should not be less than a hogshead. It should be kept full two years in a cask, and as long in bottle before it is used.

TO WHITEN LINEN TURNED YELLOW.—Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue at the last.

PRESERVED FISH.—When the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them into *hot beeswax*, which acts like an air-tight covering. In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet even in Summer.

TO PRESERVE HERBS.—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before, or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles, and suspend them in a dry, airy place with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry, wrap the medicinal ones in paper, and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—Amongst the "miseries of human life" during the warm season of the year, may be reckoned the tickling and buzzing and obtrusive familiarities of the common house flies. A correspondent of a British newspaper tells us how to destroy these pests. He says:—"Pour a little simple oxymel (an article sold by the druggist) in a common glass tumbler, and place in the glass a piece of cap paper, made into the shape of the upper part of a funnel, with a hole at the bottom to admit the flies. Attracted by the smell, they readily enter the trap in swarms, and by the thousands soon collected, prove that they have not the wit or disposition to return."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 9, 23, 36, 28, 3, 32, was a King of the Visigoths.
My 30, 21, 20, 45, 52, 2, 45, was a religious impostor.
My 46, 4, 14, 10, 20, 2, 6, 18, 14, was a philosopher of Athens.
My 8, 25, 20, 6, was a learned Orientalist.
My 37, 26, 2, 2, 19, 46, 50, 12, 47, was a native of Hercdian.
My 35, 25, 7, 37, 31, 22, 51, 14, was a Grecian architect.
My 10, 16, 19, 23, was an English poet.
My 29, 47, 23, 14, 30, 40, 17, was an eminent Dutchman.
My 21, 37, 42, 24, 9, 40, 33, 46, 47, was a great conqueror.
My 42, 3, 37, 45, 3, 24, 39, 7, 17, was an Athenian General.
My 25, 11, 12, 3, 33, 24, was a Neapolitan jesuit.
My 16, 43, 14, 29, 18, 20, 51, 17, was a Jewish historian.
My 18, 20, 3, 35, 3, 24, 17, was an eminent sculptor.
My 8, 16, 14, 44, 19, 20, 3, 35, 42, was an Empress of France.
My 44, 35, 24, 3, 14, 17, 23, 47, 2, was an early French poet.
My 20, 3, 32, 21, 29, 33, 16, was a celebrated writer of finance.
My 2, 20, 7, 34, 10, 28, 3, 45, 40, 14, was a Grecian poet.
My 41, 43, 14, 17, 51, 40, 20, was a Hungarian General.

My whole was the name and title of a Marshal of France.

Lexington, Kentucky. J. G. COOPER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 16, 13, 15, 8, is one of the Bahama Islands.
My 1, 2, 11, 1, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 6, 11, 15, 26, 14, 18, 17, is an island in Oceanica.
My 13, 4, 25, is an island south of Europe.
My 27, 30, 6, 32, is an island south of Europe.
My 19, 11, 20, 14, 12, 22, 1, 17, 19, 17, is one of the West India Islands.
My 24, 9, 18, 13, is an island south of Europe.
My 6, 7, 31, 1, 25, 14, 29, is an island on the coast of the United States.
My 13, 23, 3, 30, 23, is one of the West Indies.
My 26, 13, 1, 27, 13, 15, 7, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 31, 32, 33, 24, 30, 3, 9, is an island in the Indian Ocean.
My 28, 1, is an island belonging to France.
My 27, 17, 6, 12, 14, 3, 23, is a group of Islands in the Indian Ocean.
My 21, 7, 17, 3, 22, 13, is an island belonging to Sardinia.
My 10, 1, 13, 30, 28, is island belonging to France.

My whole is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

CINBOS.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 2, 14, 20, was a daughter of Uranus and Terra.
My 2, 14, 21, 3, was the goddess of youth and daughter of Jupiter and Juno.
My 3, 8, 13, 14, 12, was the murderer of Patroclus.
My 5, 16, 20, 18, 2, was a son of Apollo and Babylona.
My 6, 3, 10, 14, 16, 20, was a daughter of Pereus, who married Alcus.
My 7, 22, 16, 3, 11, 14, 18, were sea-nymphs, who charmed so much with their melodious voices that all forgot their employment to listen with more attention, and at last died for want of food.
My 8, 1, 24, 3, 7, was one of the Titans, son of Japetus and Clymene, one of the Oceanides.
My 9, 1, 22, 23, 15, 3, was a daughter of Pemaens and mother of Centaurus and Lapithus.
My 10, 1, 3, was the goddess of Evil and daughter of Jupiter.
My 11, 17, 14, 6, 22, 20, was the goddess of funerals.
My 12, 21, 17, 6, 3, was the goddess of hunting.
My 15, 23, 19, 18, was a King of Argos and son of Amythaon and Idomene.
My 22, 12, 3, 9, was a son of Apharcus and Arnbe, famous for his valor and military glory.
My 23, 3, 12, 5, was a daughter of King Thespius and Eurythemis, who married Tyndarus King of Sparta.

My whole is a thing which has created great sensation throughout the whole Union.

Jackson, Miss. L. P.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I had a friend, a darling friend,
Who served me many a day,
But when his strength began to fail,
I wished him far away.

For now, whene'er I asked his aid,
Some service to bestow,
Such marks of anger he displayed,
As proved he was my foe.

And then his looks, once fair and sweet,
Assumed a darksome frown,
And long I wished for his retreat,
Ere I the wish could own.

Poor wretch, I trembled to dislodge,
Thus from his native soil,
But his ill humors, much I feared,
Would all my servants spoil.

Though then my house was well supplied,
With servants large and small,
Yet by retaining one so bad,
I now have lost them all.

Quincy, Illinois. JOHN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When order first from chaos sprung,
The two, a happy pair,
Who roamed about on Eden's plain,
Heard my first talking there.

All learned men find in language good,
Nouns and pronouns you see,
But when you find my second out,
A verb you'll find t'will be.

My third sprung from a source divine,
A sovereign attribute,
And it should govern all our acts,
As none are destitute.

Now if you'll search the Book of books,
And it depend upon,
My word for what I've written here,
You'll find my whole in John.

Franklin, Indiana. SCREW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an accompanying instrument to music;
My second is that, without which, no human being can live;
My whole is a part of my first.

Pea Ridge, Tennessee. HARRY.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ladder 100 feet in length is placed vertically against a wall of the same height. How far out must the foot of the ladder be moved, that the top may be lowered five feet?

Centreville. W. P. C.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of four numbers is 18; the sum of their squares 80; the sum of their cubes is 432; and the sum of their fourth powers is 2,258. Find the numbers?

Red Mouth Mill, Pa. MATHEMATICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a lover justified in calling his sweetheart honey? Ans.—When she is bee-loved.

☞ What is the difference between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid? Ans.—The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

☞ Why is the letter C a great mechanical genius?—Because it makes chairs out of hairs.

☞ If six pounds of tallow come to 78 cts., what burning candle come to? Ans.—C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, if taken at the flood,
Leads on to fortune."

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Philadelphia. HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The battle of Cannæ between Hannibal and the Romans. CHARADE.—Whitlaton (Wit-be-ton.) RIDDLE.—Friend. CHARADE.—Manhattan. CHARADE.—Quail. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—34.9194.